



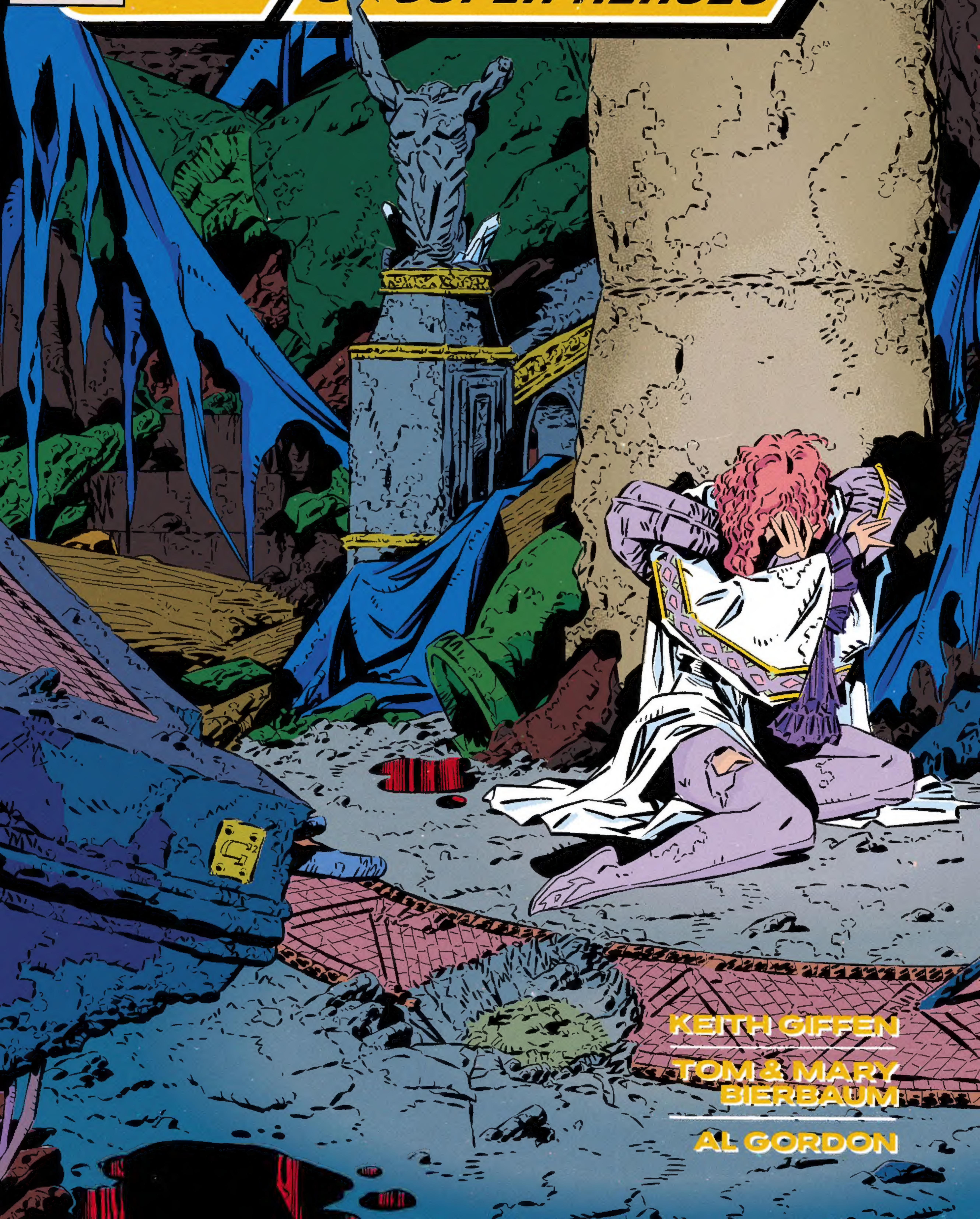
LEGION OF
SUPER-HEROES

7

MAY 90

LEGION

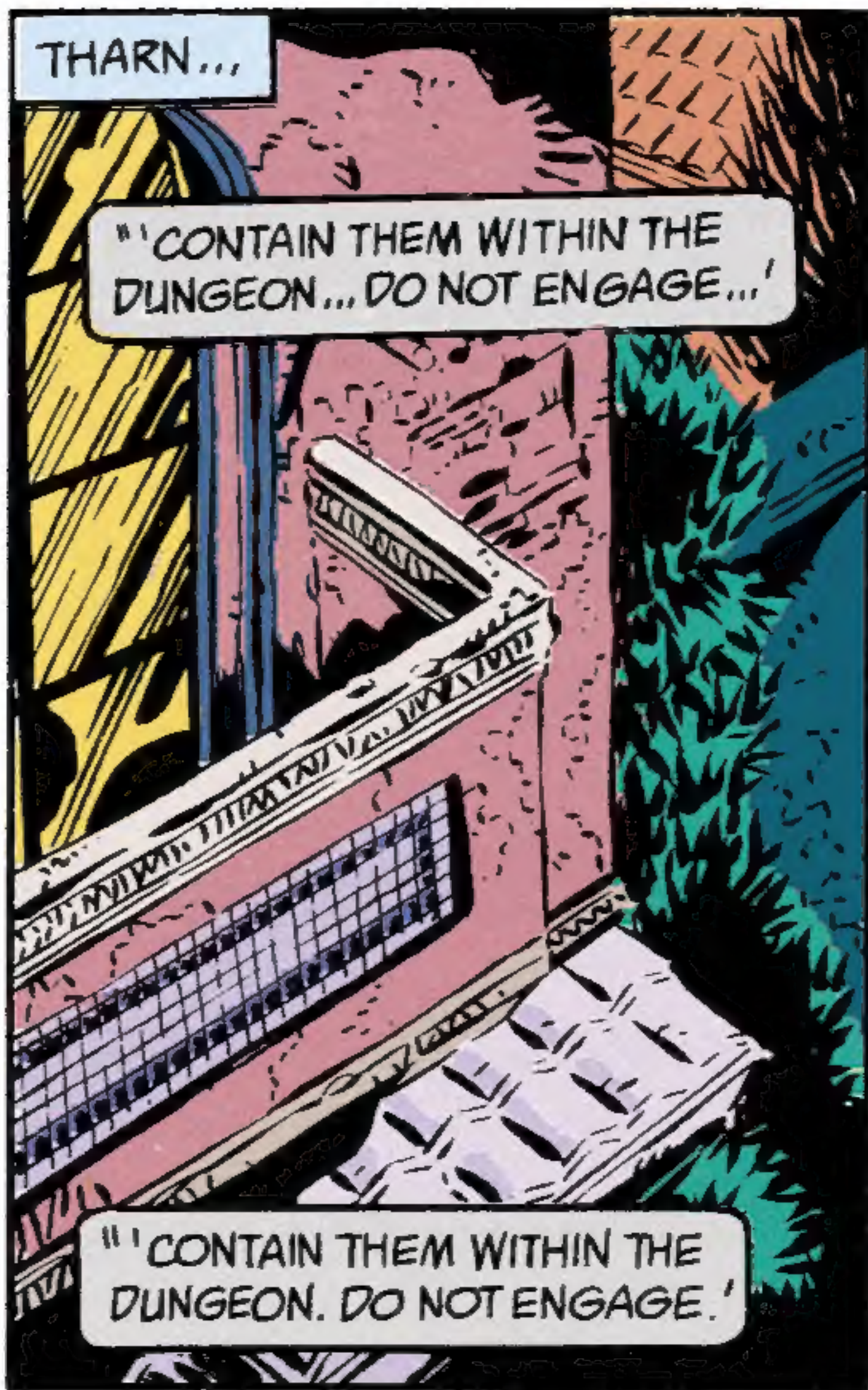
OF SUPER-HEROES®



KEITH GIFFEN

TOM & MARY
BIERBAUM

AL GORDON



THARN...

"CONTAIN THEM WITHIN THE DUNGEON... DO NOT ENGAGE..."

"CONTAIN THEM WITHIN THE DUNGEON. DO NOT ENGAGE."



"DO NOT ENGAGE!"

"WHAT KIND OF A HOLD DO THESE WORMS HAVE ON MORDRU?"

"WHY DO THE EX-LEGIONNAIRES MERIT SUCH SPECIAL TREATMENT?"



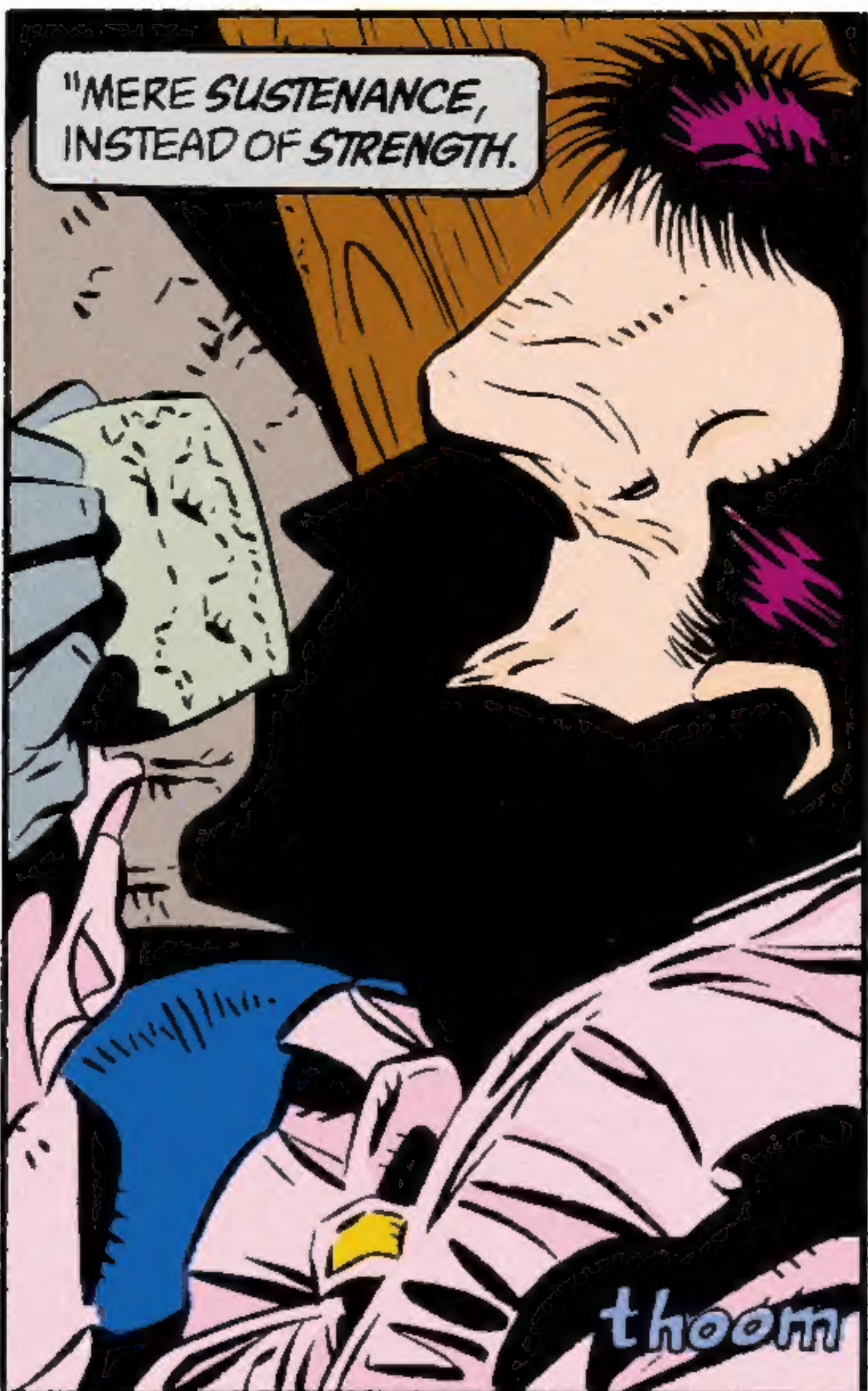
"THEY THREATENED THE LORD EMPEROR--THEY'VE BEEN BEATEN--THEY'RE HELPLESS."

"WHY ARE THEY BEING SPARED?"



"THE VERY LEAST HE COULD DO IS ALLOW ME TO FEED ON ONE OF THEM!"

"INSTEAD, I HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THIS WORTHLESS TROLLOP."



"MERE SUSTENANCE, INSTEAD OF STRENGTH."

thoom



"I ONLY SEEK TO SERVE HIM, AND THIS... THIS IS MY REWARD."

"SOMETIMES, I SWEAR I OUGHT TO--"

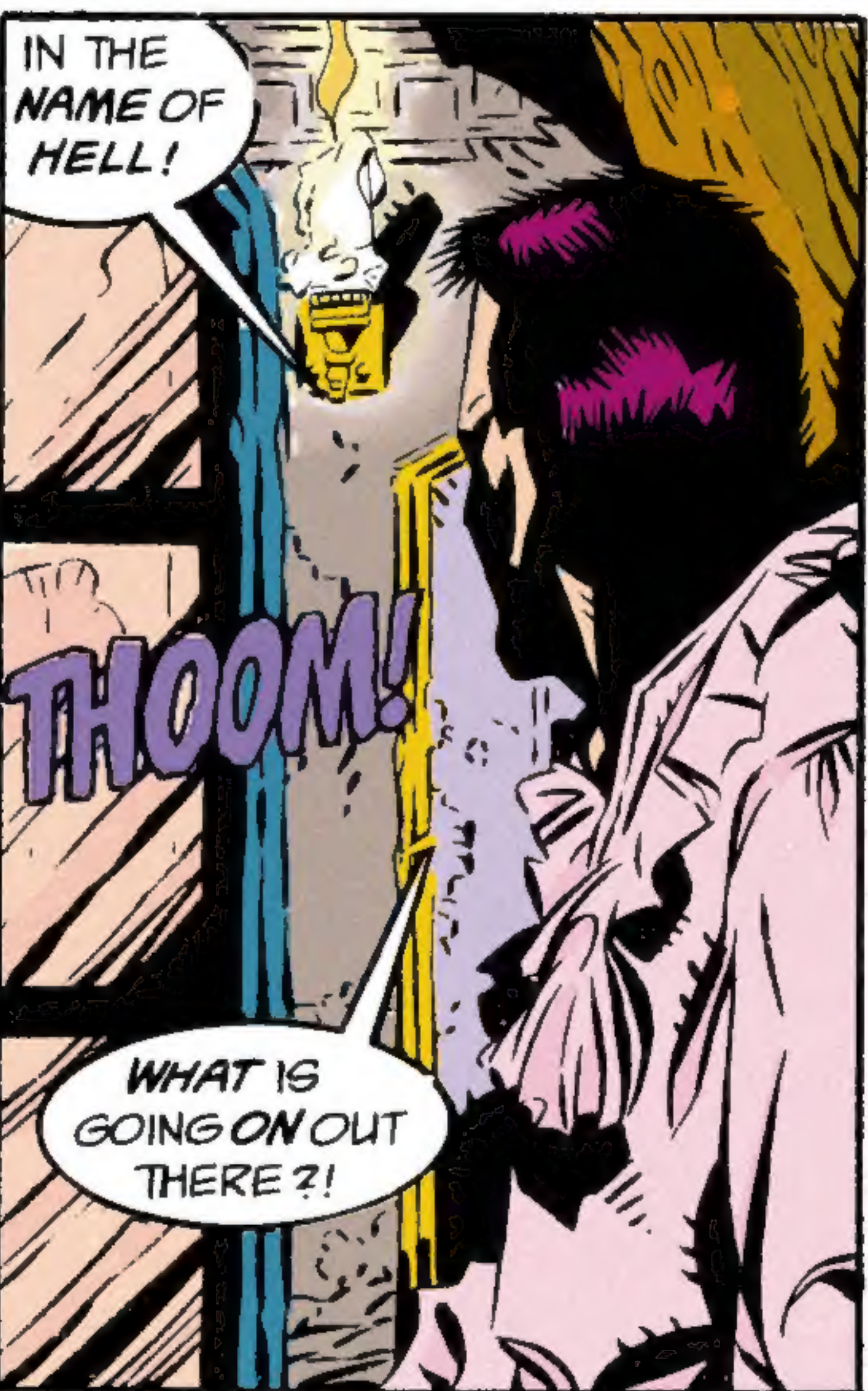
POOM



"WHAT AM I THINKING?"

"MORDRU HAS TWO KINDS OF OPPONENTS--THE DEAD AND THE DOOMED. ONLY A FOOL WOULD --"

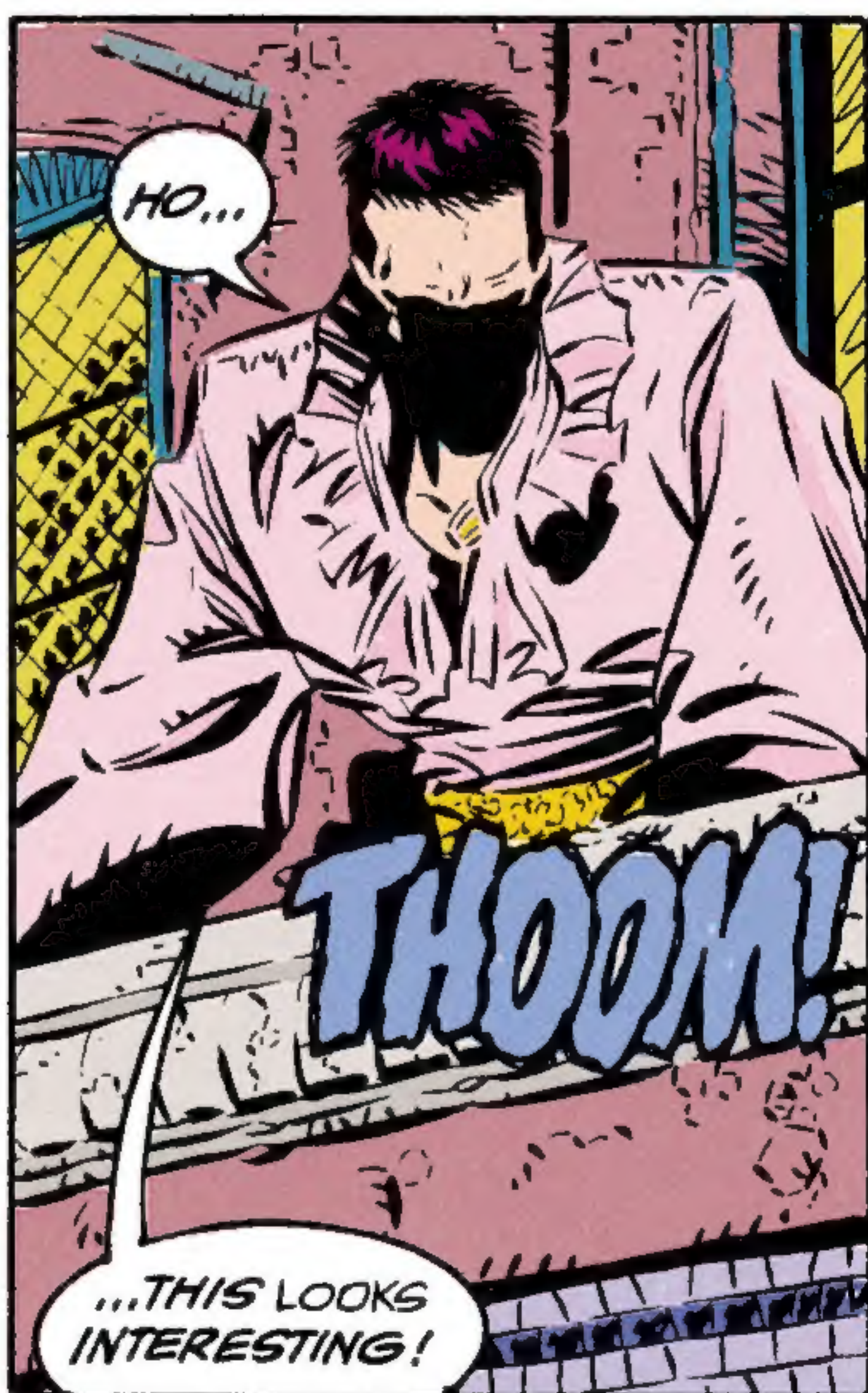
POOM!



IN THE NAME OF HELL!

THOOM!

WHAT IS GOING ON OUT THERE?!



HO...

THOOM!

...THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!



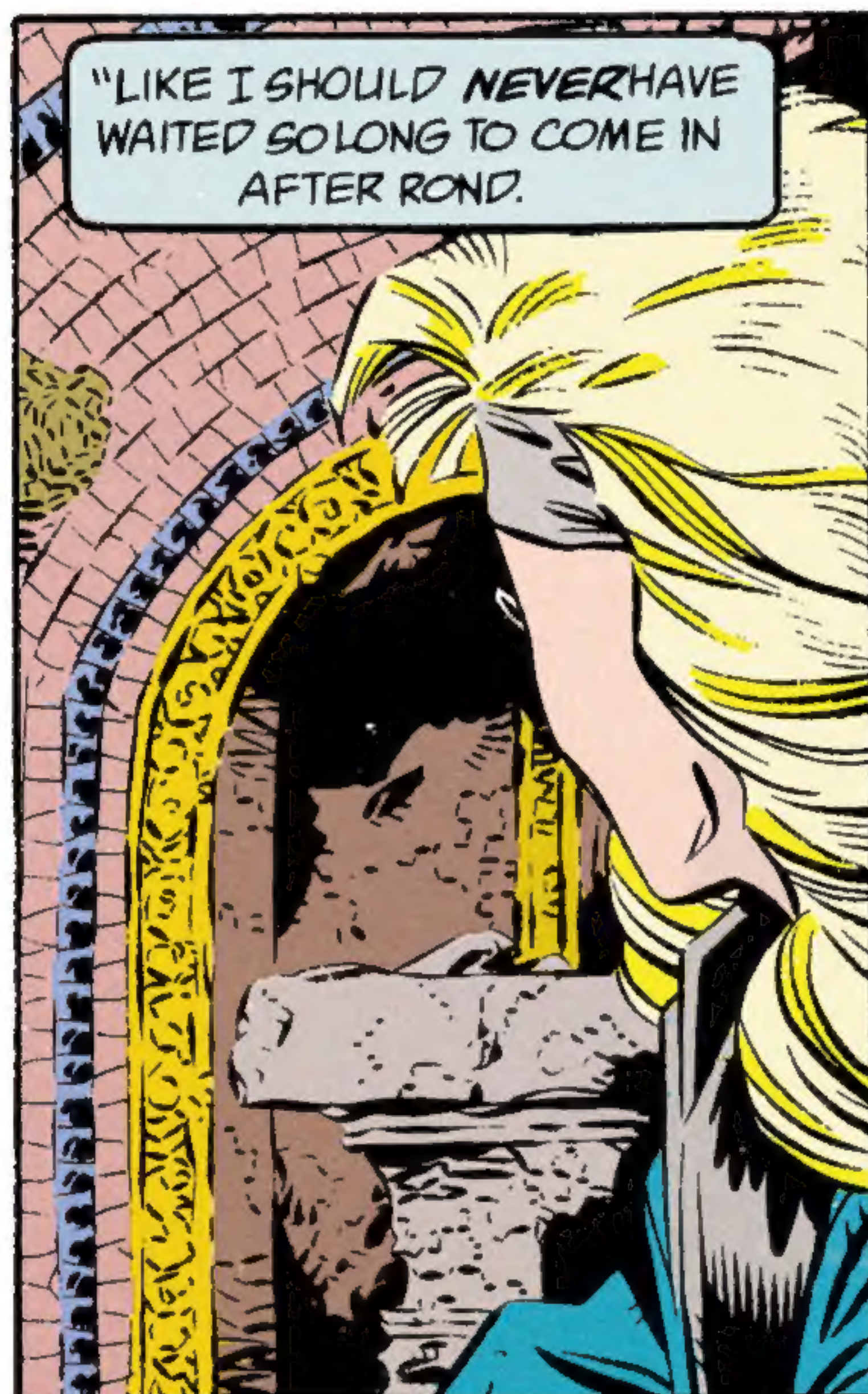
"SOMEHOW, I *KNOW* THIS IS THE WAY. I CAN ALMOST *FEEL* ROND CALLING OUT TO ME...



"...SO WHY AM I SO *SCARED* TO GO DOWN THESE STEPS? WHAT'S THIS FEELING OF *DREAD* COMING OVER ME...?"



"LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING *HORRIBLE* WAITING FOR ME..."



"LIKE I SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE WAITED SO LONG TO COME IN AFTER ROND."

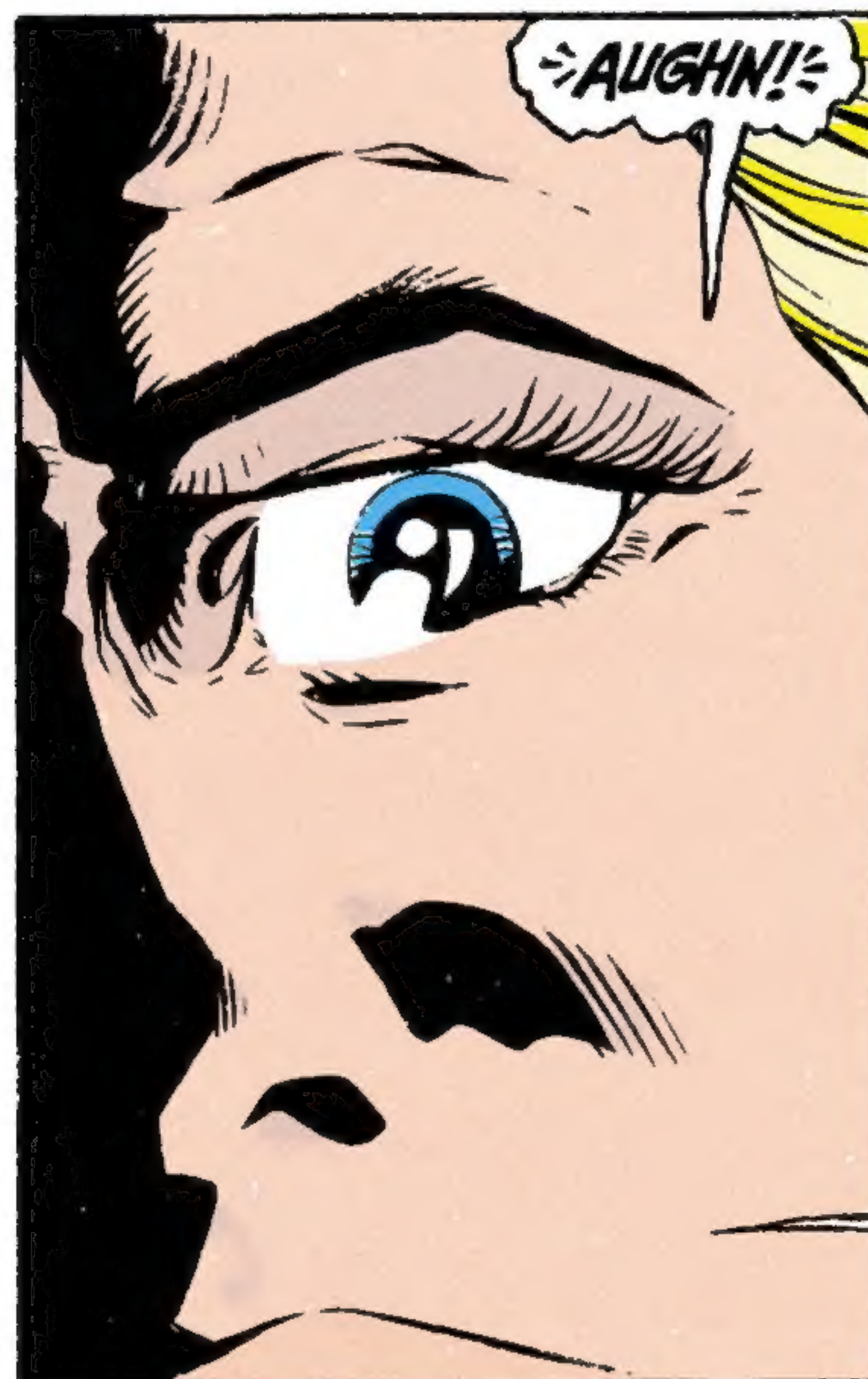


"COME ON, LAUREL. YOU *KNOW* HOW DANGEROUS MORDRU IS. YOU WERE JUST USING YOUR *HEAD*... JUST USING YOUR *HEAD*..."



"TH-THIS IS IT. I *KNOW* IT..."

R-ROND?"

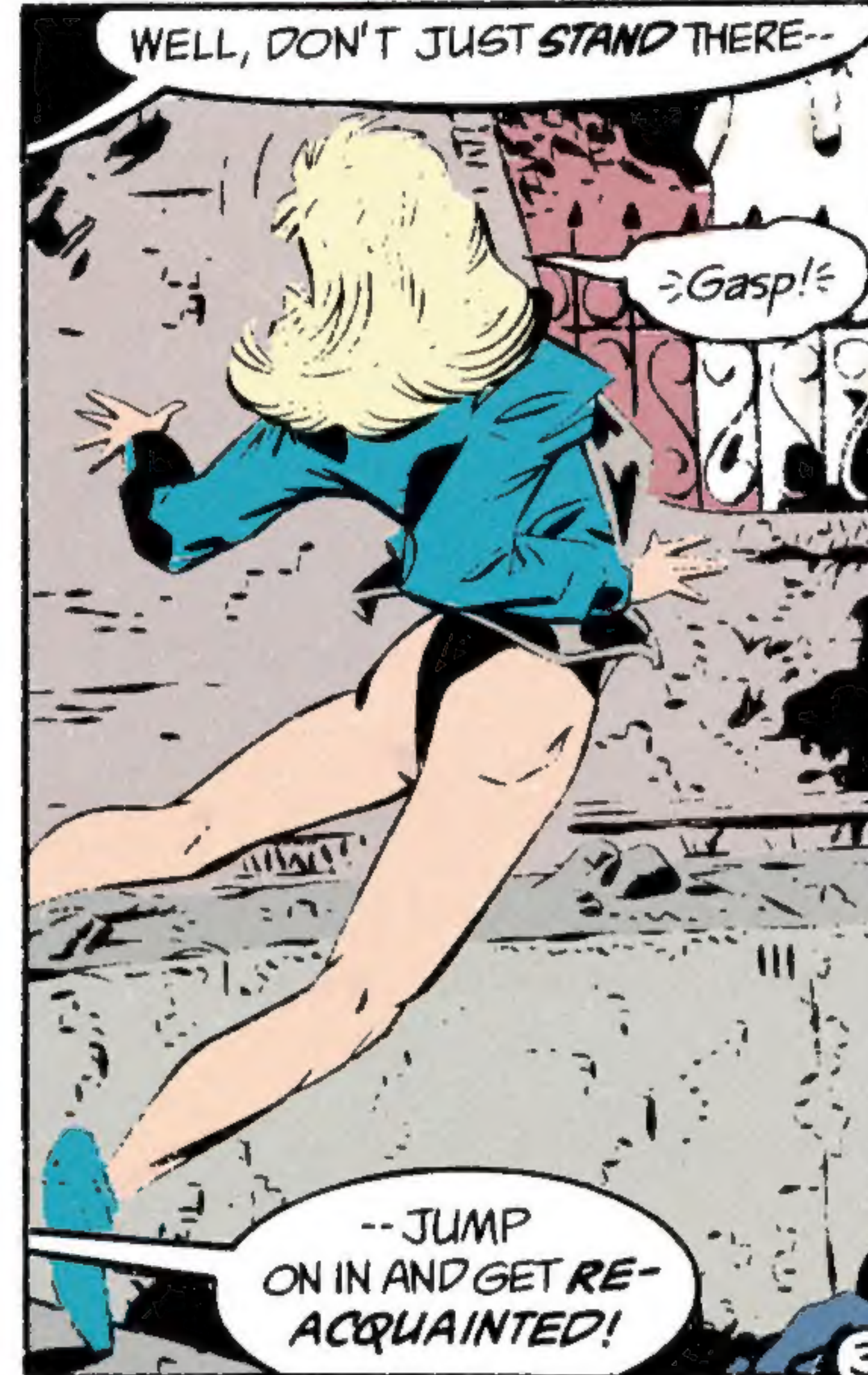


AUGHN!:"



HISS-S-S-SH

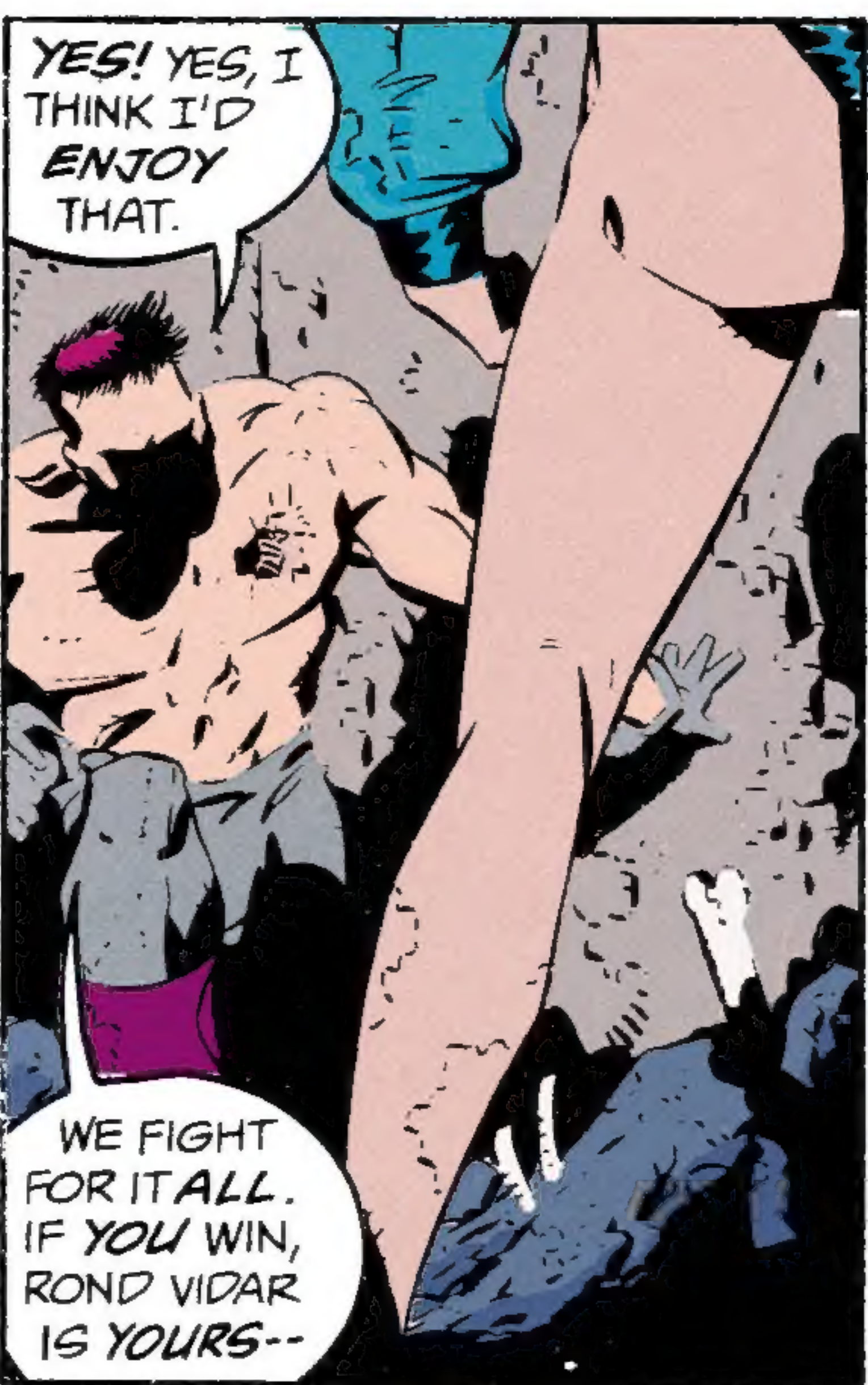
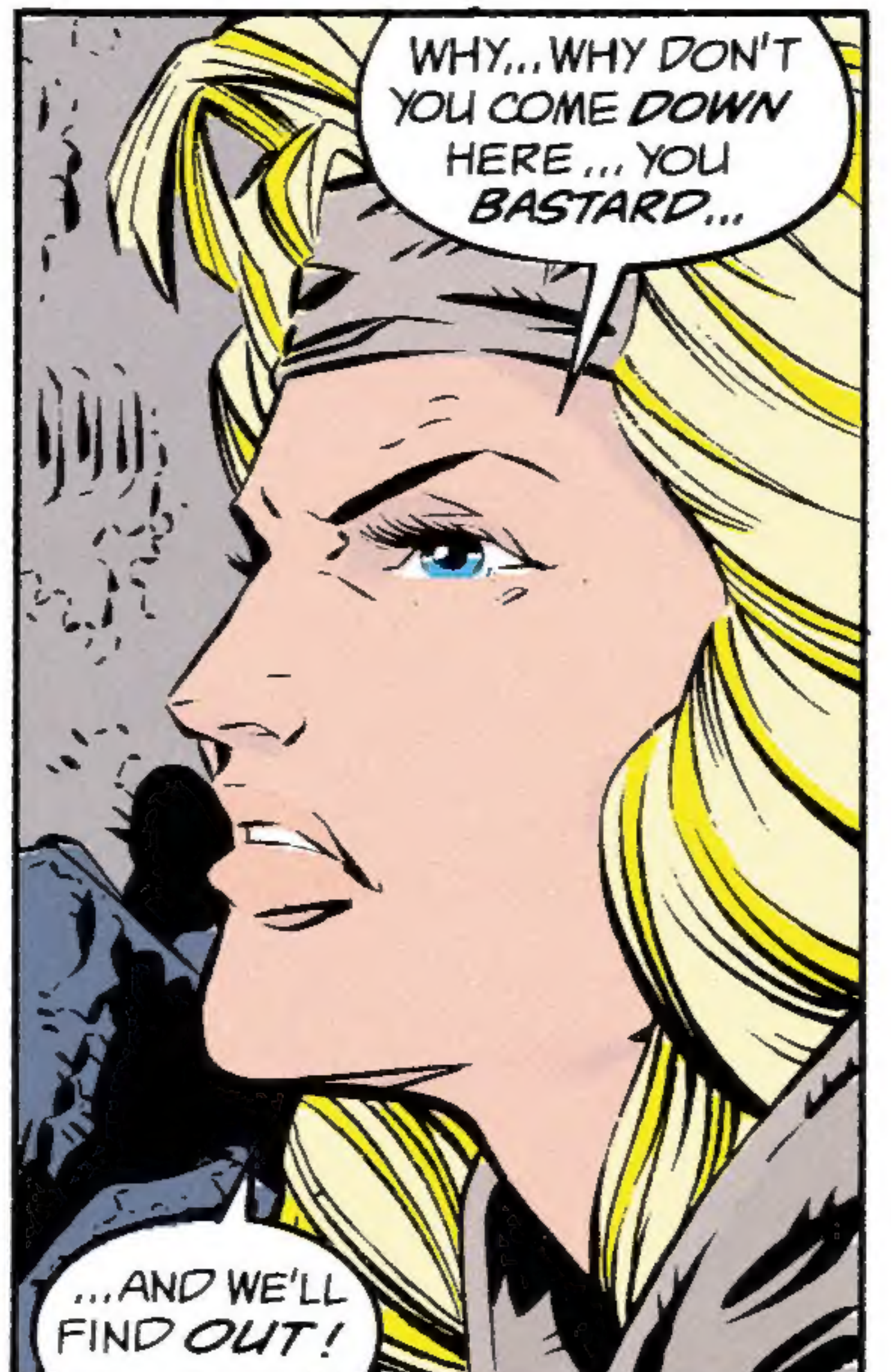
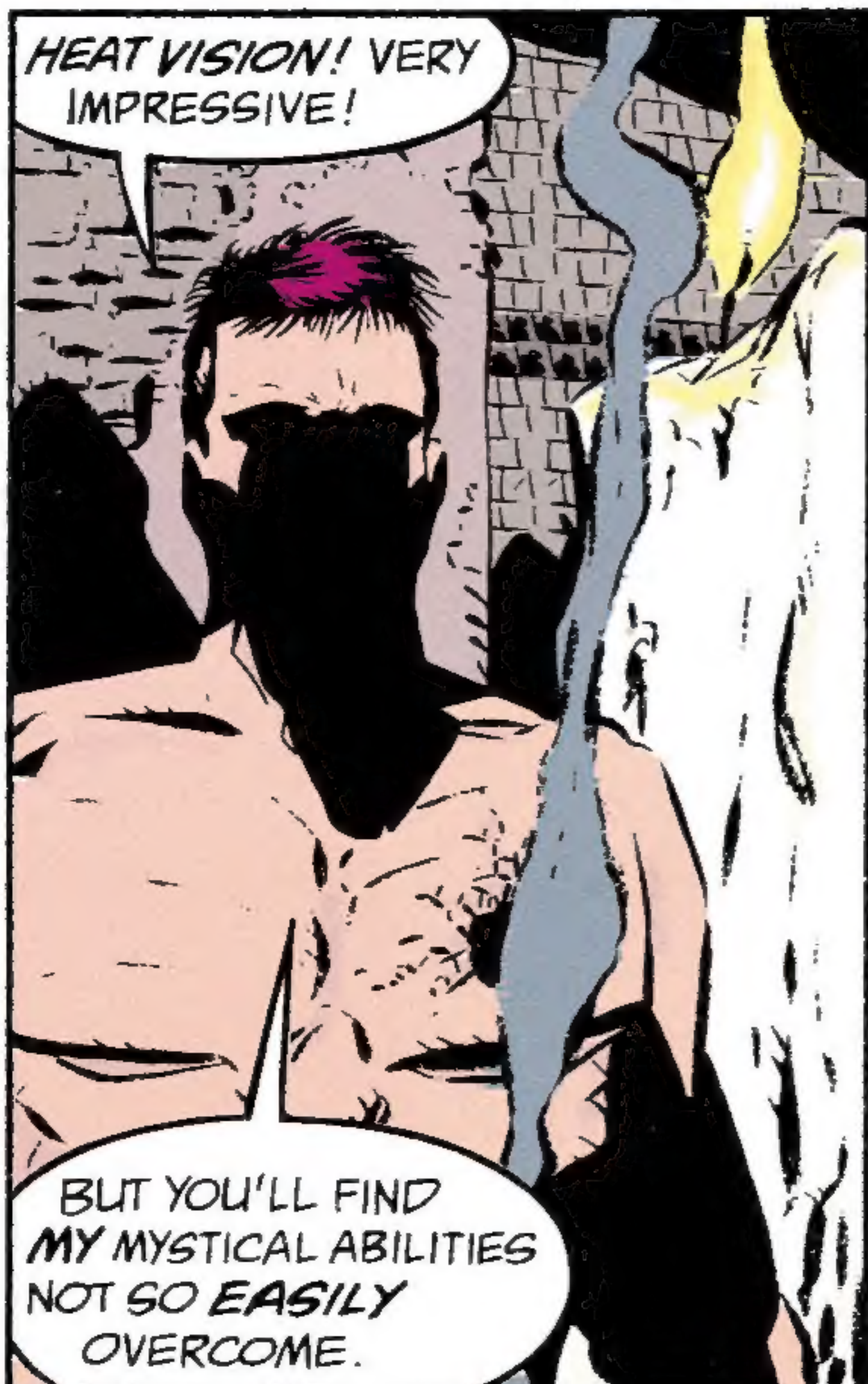
oh, no!
oh, God!
Oh, God!

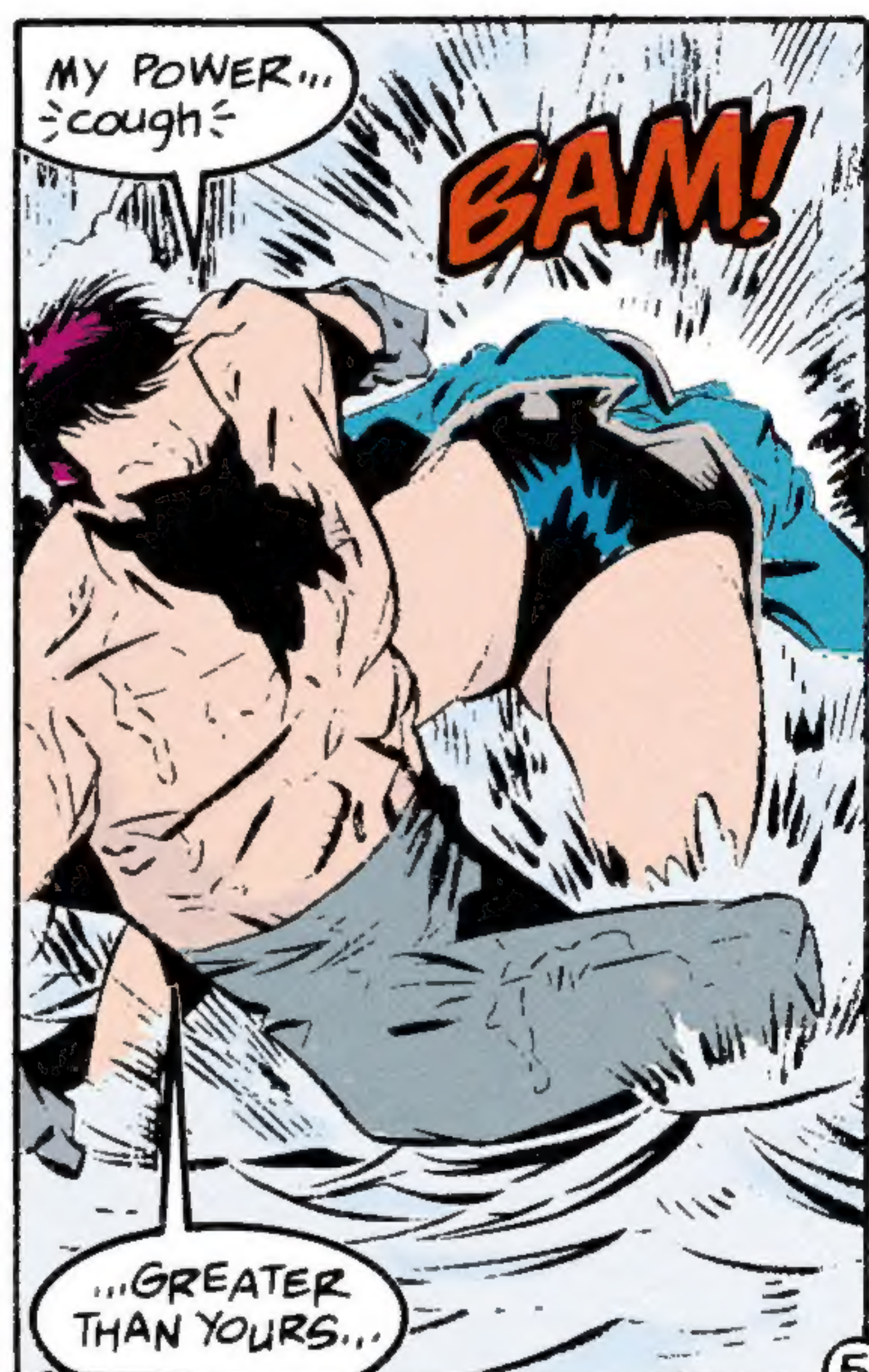
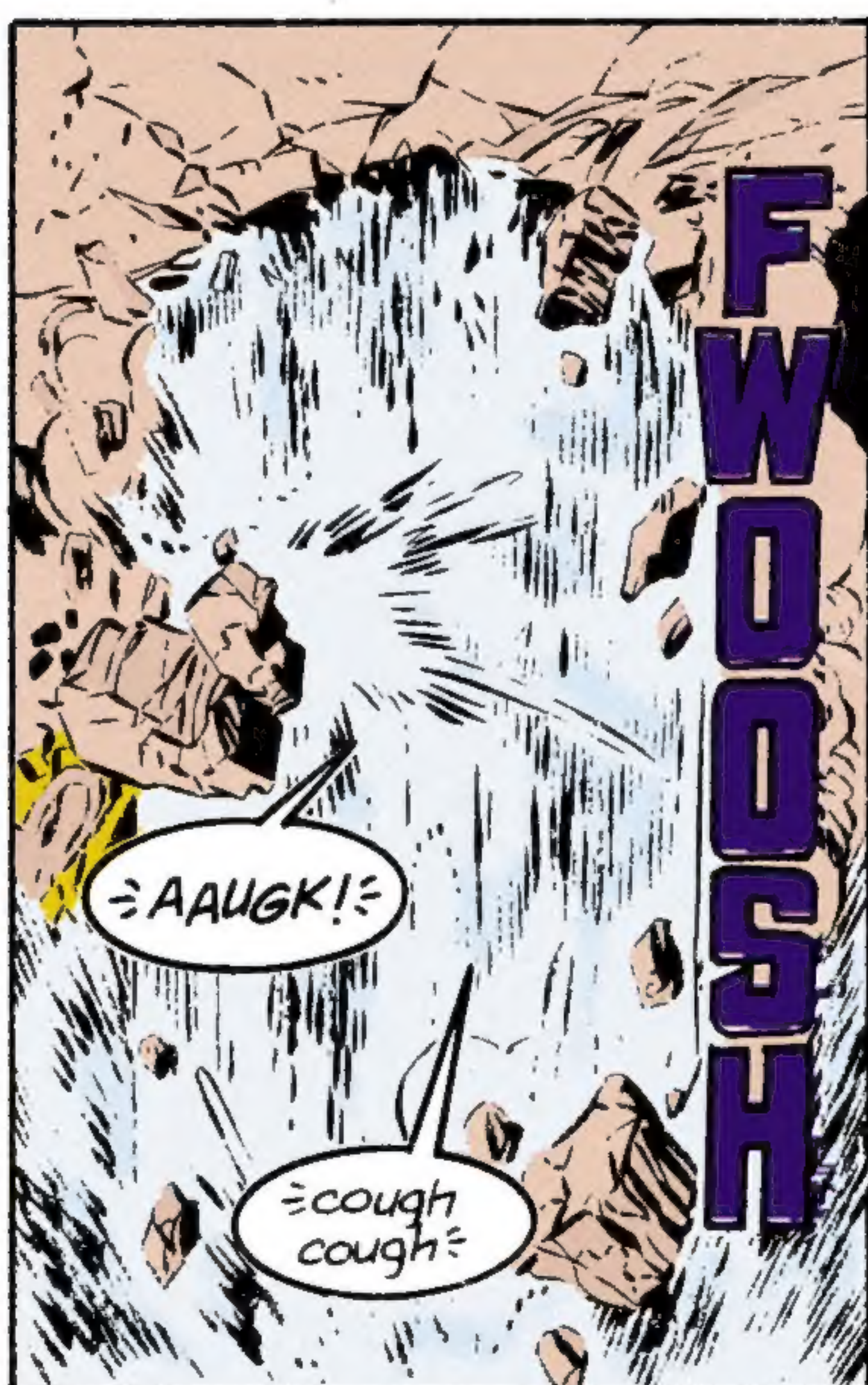
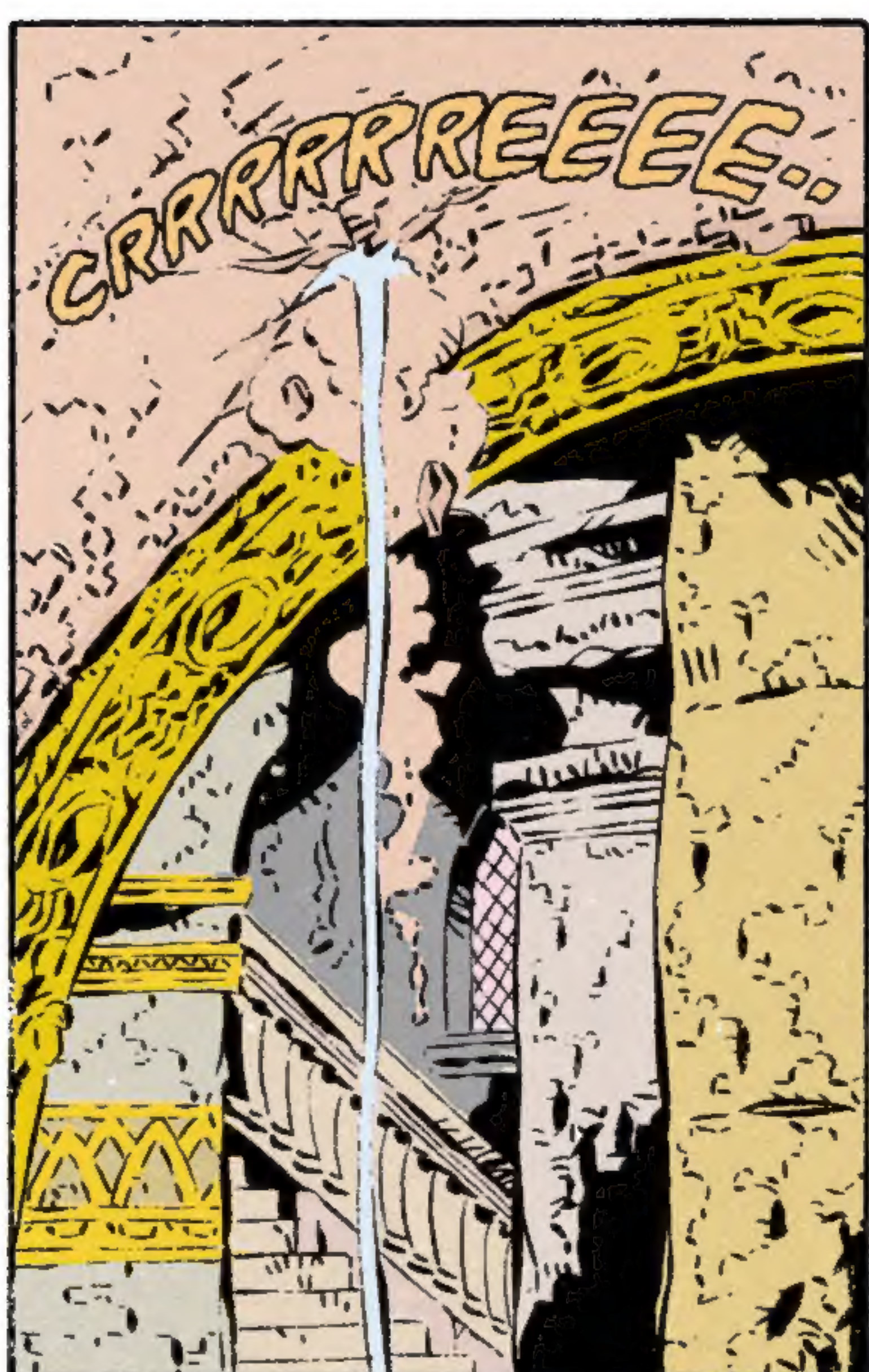
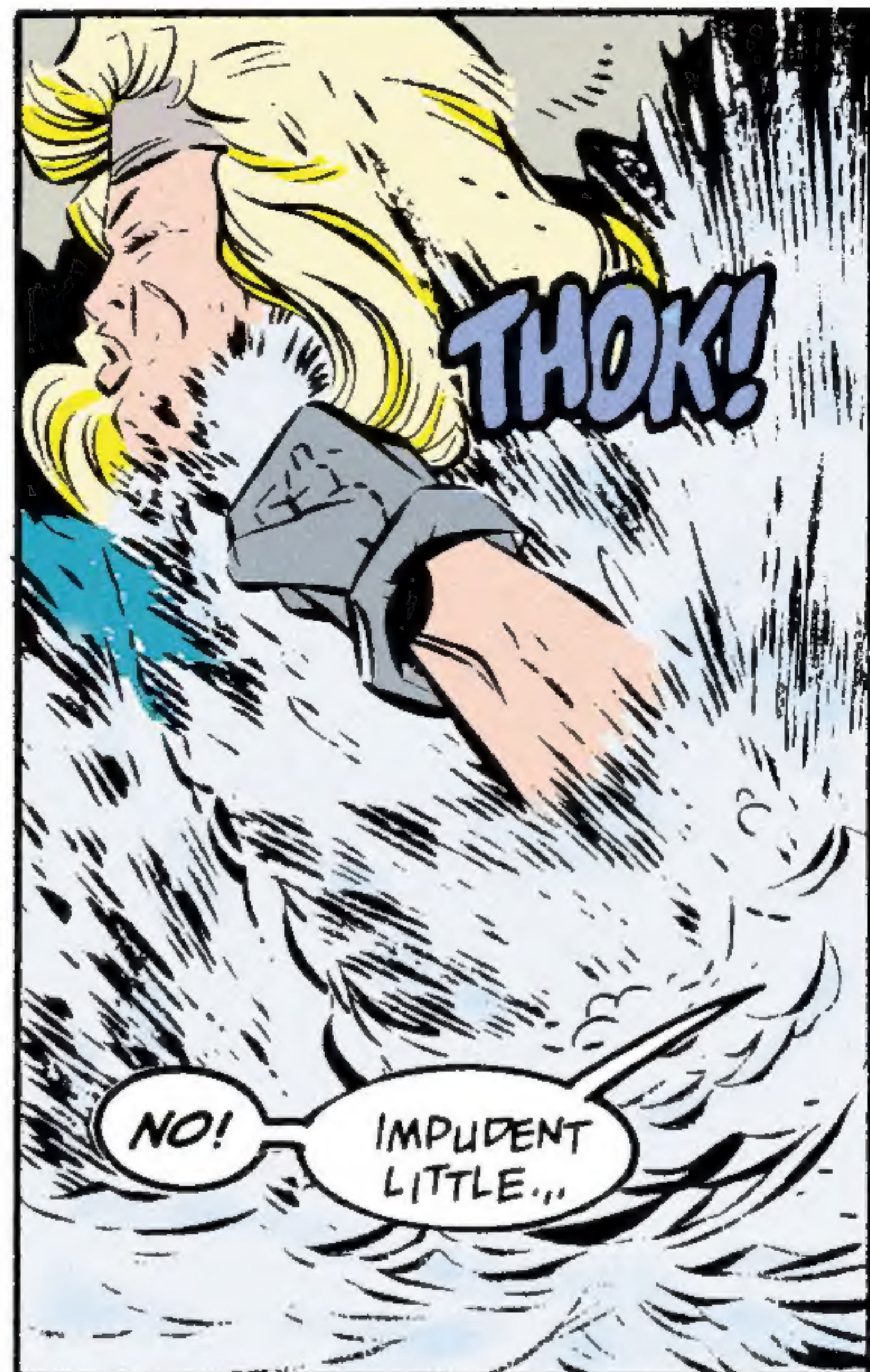
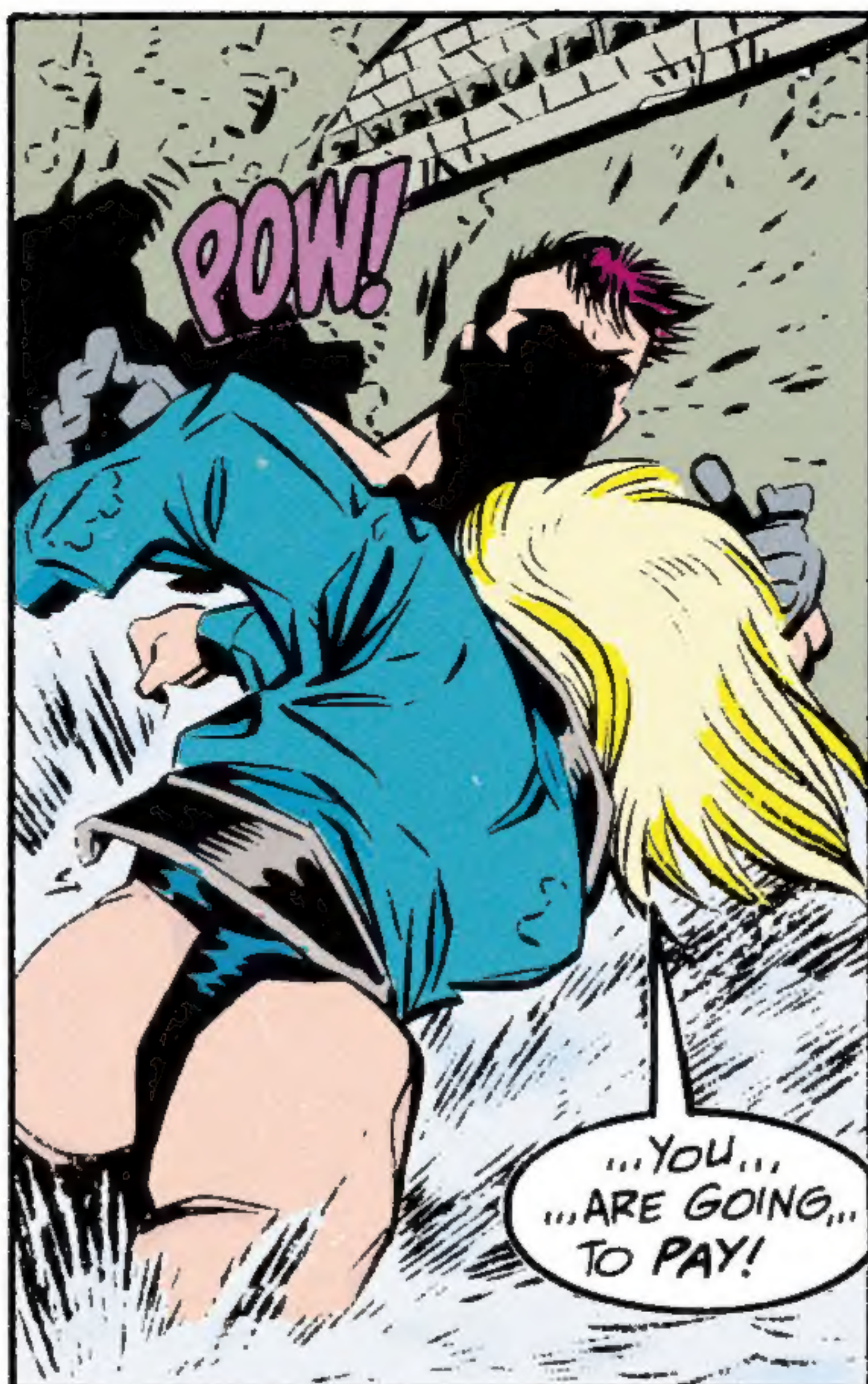
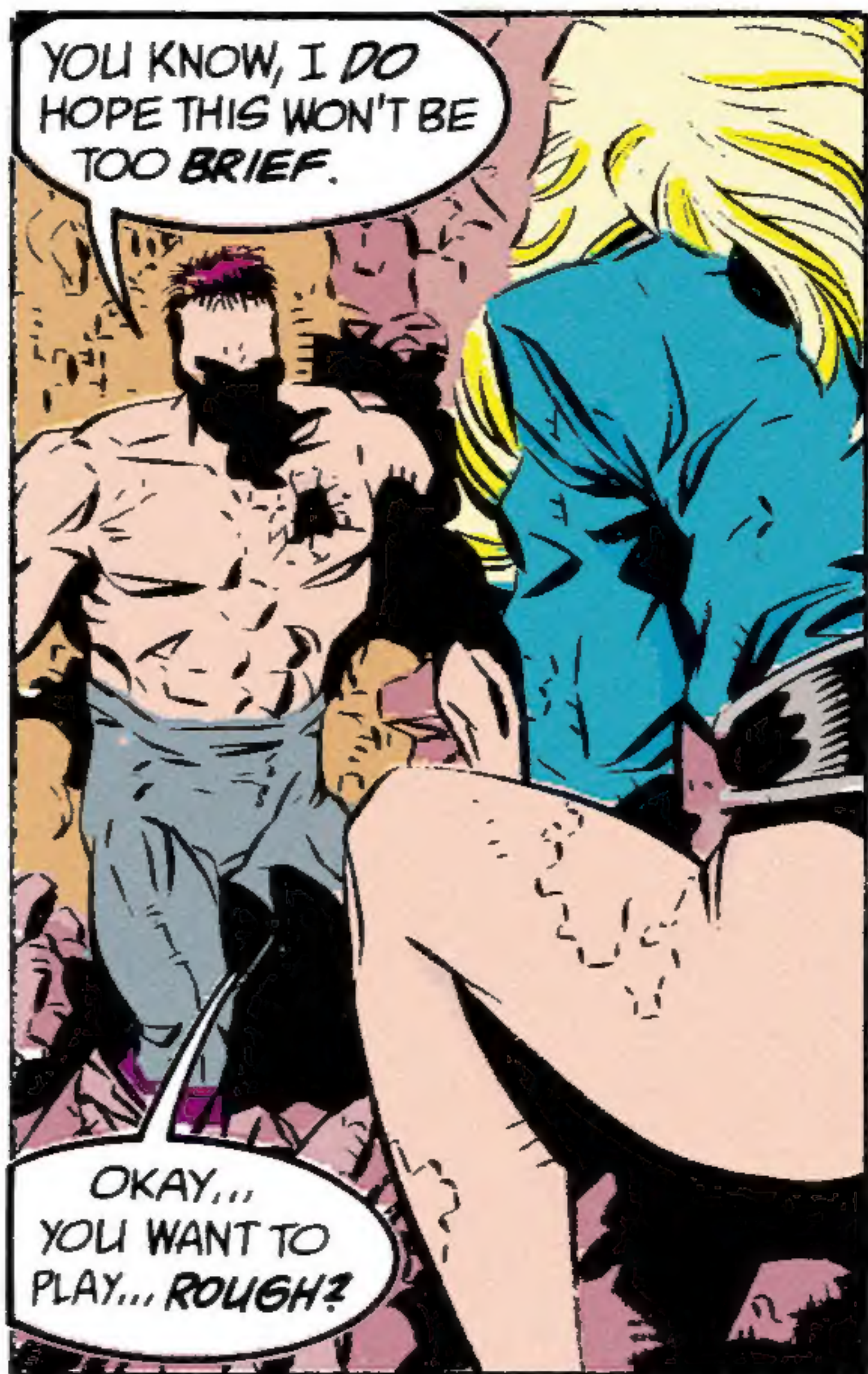


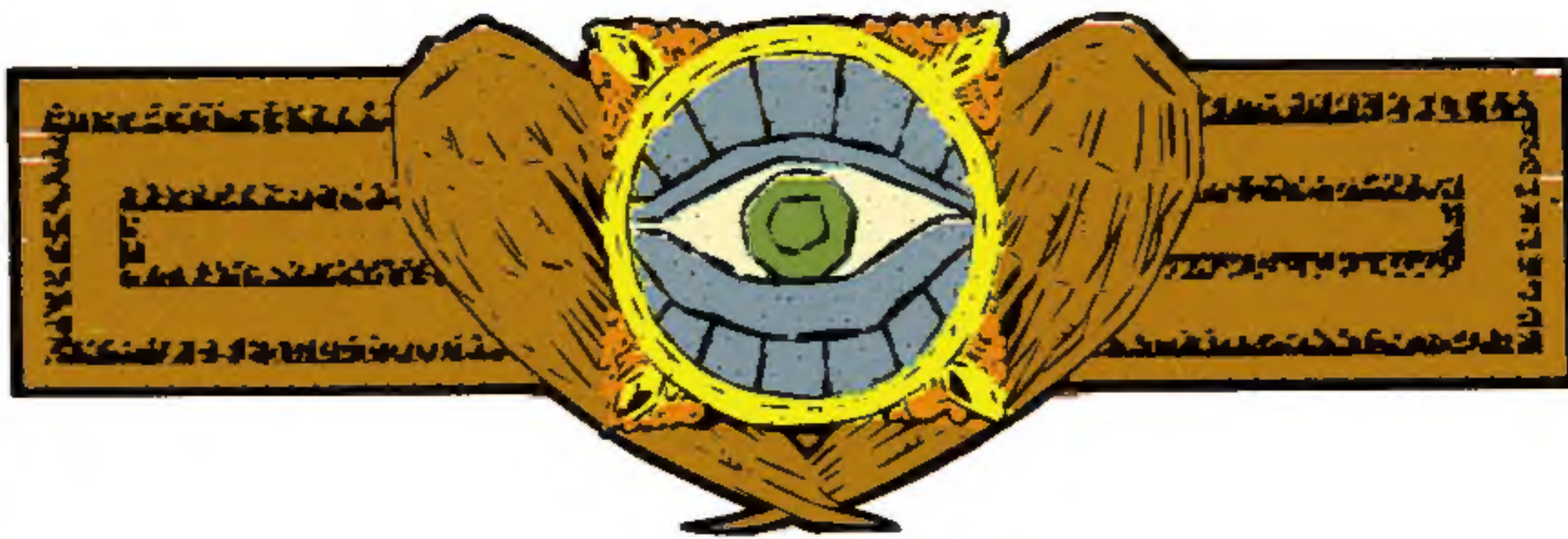
WELL, DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE--

Gasp!:"

-- JUMP ON IN AND GET *RE-ACQUAINTED*!







“ . . . And I hope you like elvabird breast . . . ”

Rokk's mind raced. *“Dinner. My God, he's feeding me dinner!”* Slowly, anxiously, Rokk raised his eyes to gaze into Mordru's. *“God, I'm having dinner with Mordru!”*

“ . . . Uh, yes, elvabird breast . . . just fine.” Rokk perspired inside the ornate outfit he'd been dressed in. *“I should be dead. Instead he cleans me, shaves me, perfumes me. What the hell is his game?”*

“I must confess, my friend, that I've held a grudging admiration for your little group . . . ” The last black wine sparkled as Mordru poured a glass for Rokk. “ . . . But I seldom understand you.”

His hand trembling slightly, Rokk picked up the wine glass. *“Good God, he could kill me with a flick of his finger. Why the hell hasn't he? There must be something he wants from us.”* “I'm sorry, sir. I don't know what you mean . . . ”

Mordru sampled the meal, chewing delicately, precisely. “I mean, dear boy, why this compulsive need to attack a humble old man?”

“He's just toying with us before the end, isn't he? Like a child plucking the legs off a dying insect . . . Come on, Rokk—play out the hand. Carefully. Diplomatically.” “It's not our intention to threaten you, sir.” *“Play the game. He can't know I'm thrashing about in the dark. If he does, it's over—it's all over.”*

Mordru sipped his wine and shrugged. “I am, after all, the duly appointed sovereign of this people. I threaten no one.”

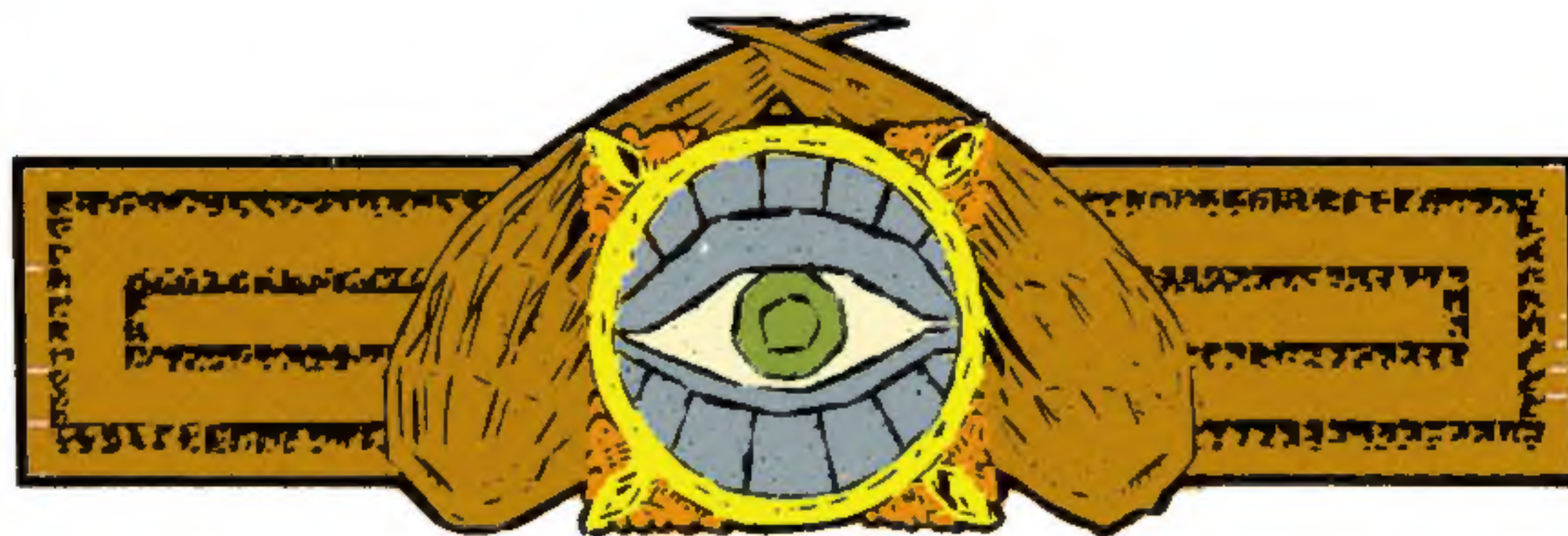
“Don't flinch. Keep fishing—fishing among the piranha.” “We have no desire to attack you, sir. All we seek is the release of your captive.” *“I've got something on my side—got to figure out what it is, play it at exactly the right time.”*

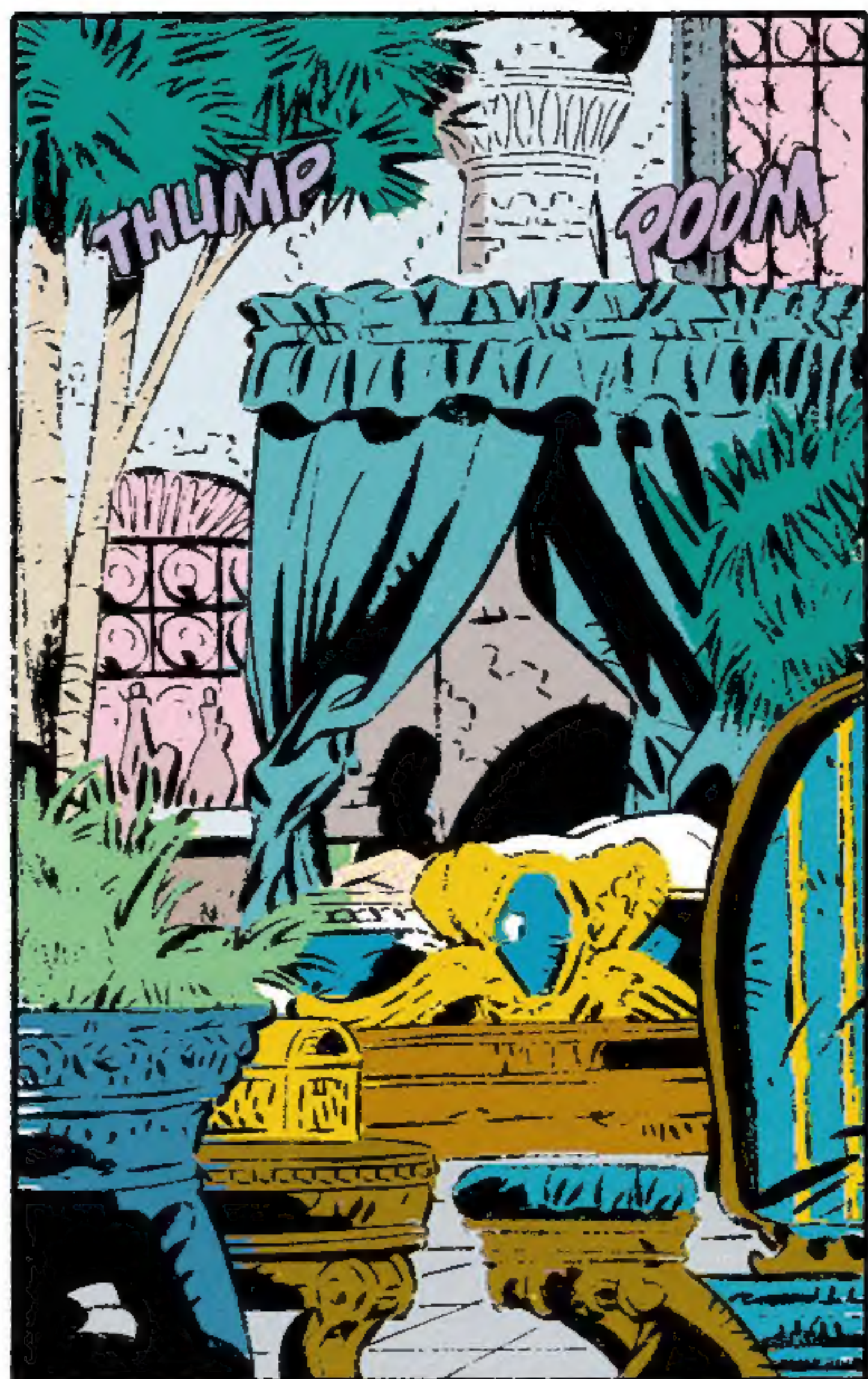
“Ah, yes, the so-called ‘captive’ . . . ”

“Captives! Then there's more than one! Okay, Mordru, keep talking . . . !”

“My beloved Mysa—she stays of her own free will. And the Green Lantern . . . ”

Rokk's eyebrow raised involuntarily.







OKAY, FIRST PRIORITY:
WE FAN OUT AND
FIND THEM.

RIGHT.

THEY'RE
REGAINING
THEIR *WITS* AT
A *SURPRISING*
RATE.

THEY'RE
LEGIONNAIRES.



NOW, DON'T YOU GO
WORRYING YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE *ANTENNAE*
OVER THIS, CHAM...

SHOULD WE
SEND IN SOME
TROOPS? MAKE
SURE THEY
STAY PUT?

YOU HEARD OUR
ORDERS: "CONTAIN THEM
WITHIN THE DUNGEON.
DO NOT ENGAGE."



...YOU'VE GOT
KONO ON THE
JOB.

LITTLE
LOST CHILDREN
ARE ONE OF MY
SPECIALTIES.



WHAT THE NYKX IS THIS?
A DAMN *STABLE*?

POOM

thunk



"BUNCHA JACKASSES! TREATING
WOLF LIKE AN *ANIMAL*!"

HEY,
C'MON, BUDDY.
YOU OKAY?

THUMP

KLINKLE-TINKLE!



RRRR?

WHATSAMATTER, FURBALL?
YOU GONNA BE *ALL*
RIGHT?

RATTLE-RATTLE!

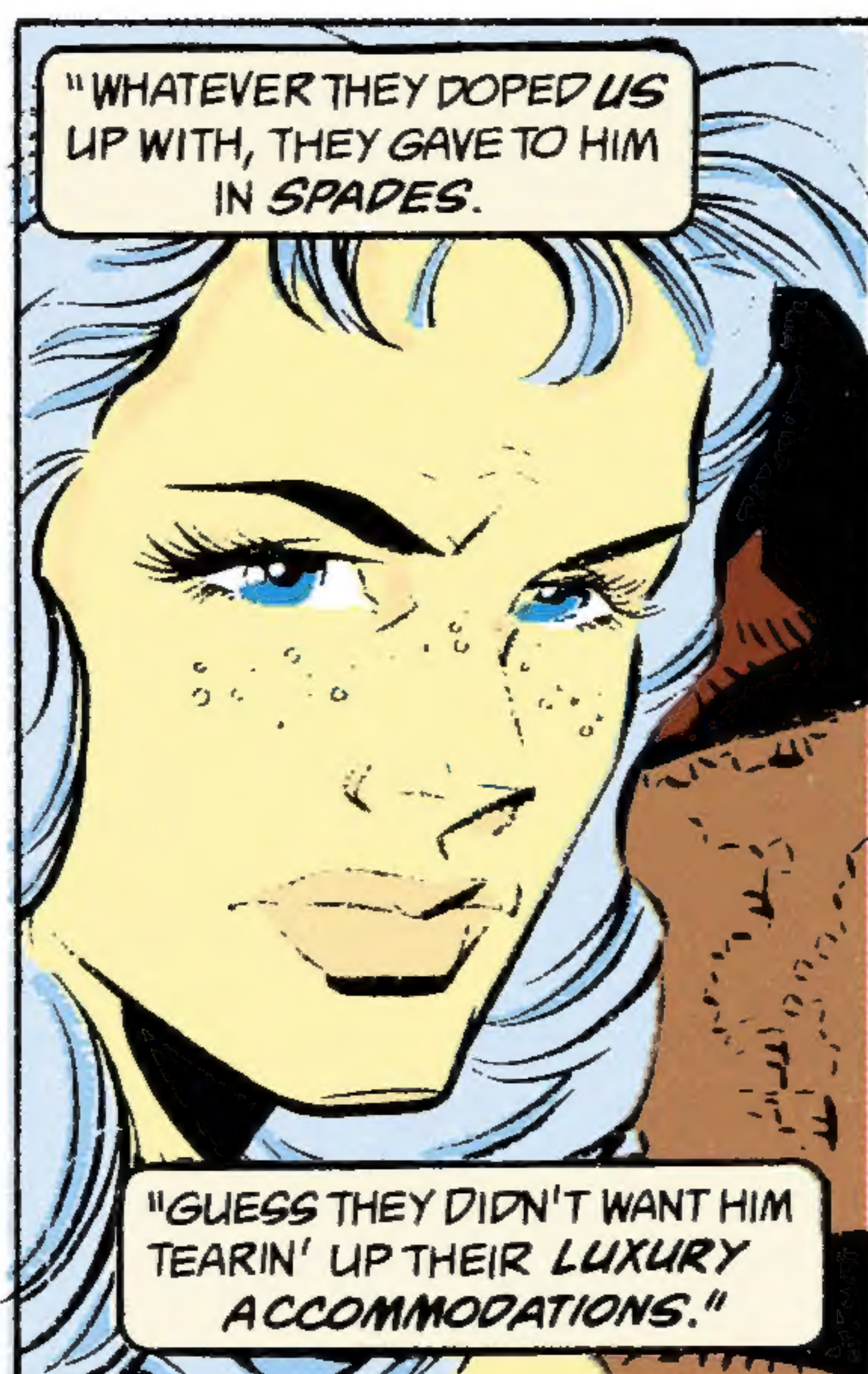


... GRRALLRR...

OKAY, OKAY,
YOU JUST TAKE
IT EASY...

THUD!

CLUNK!



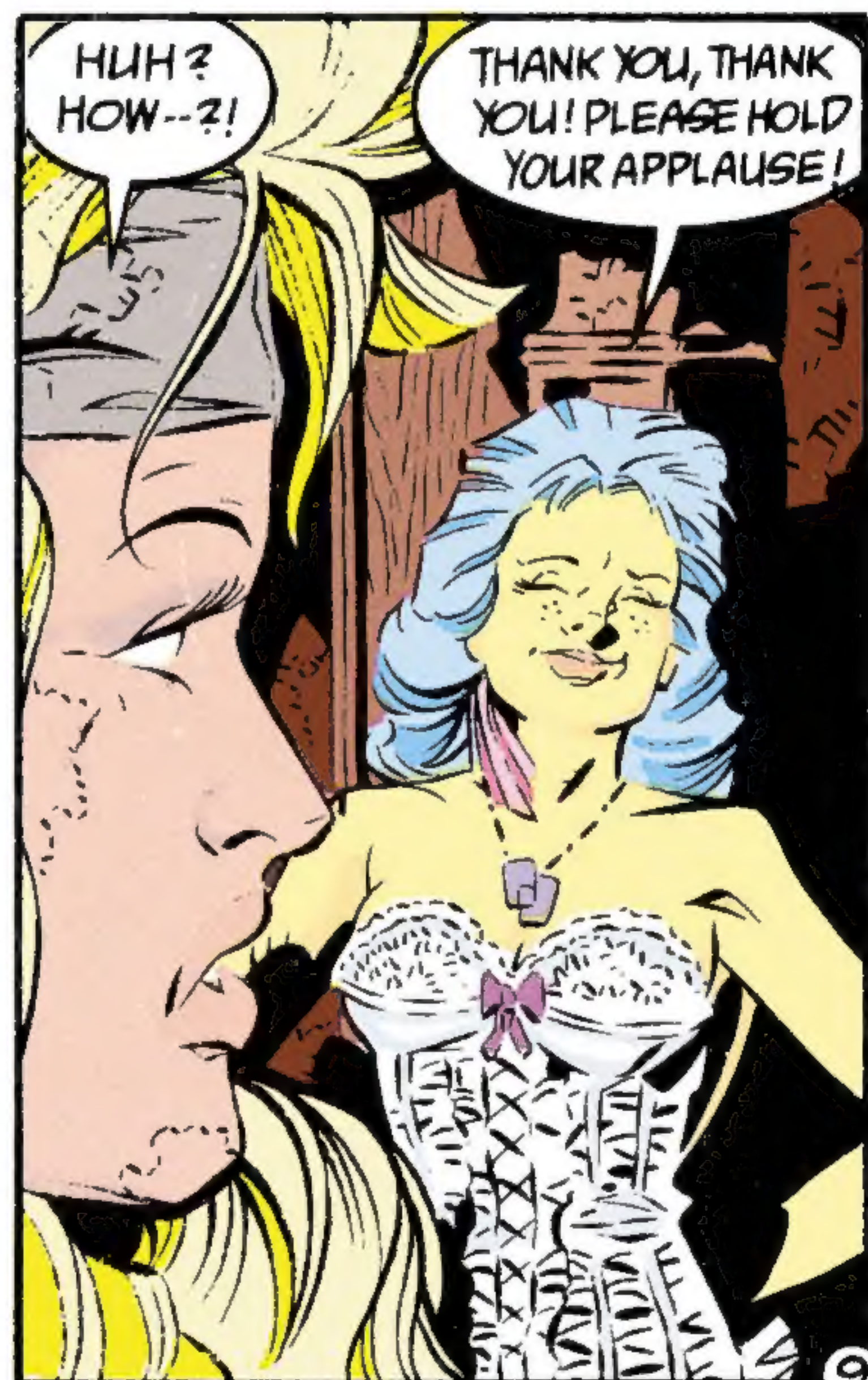
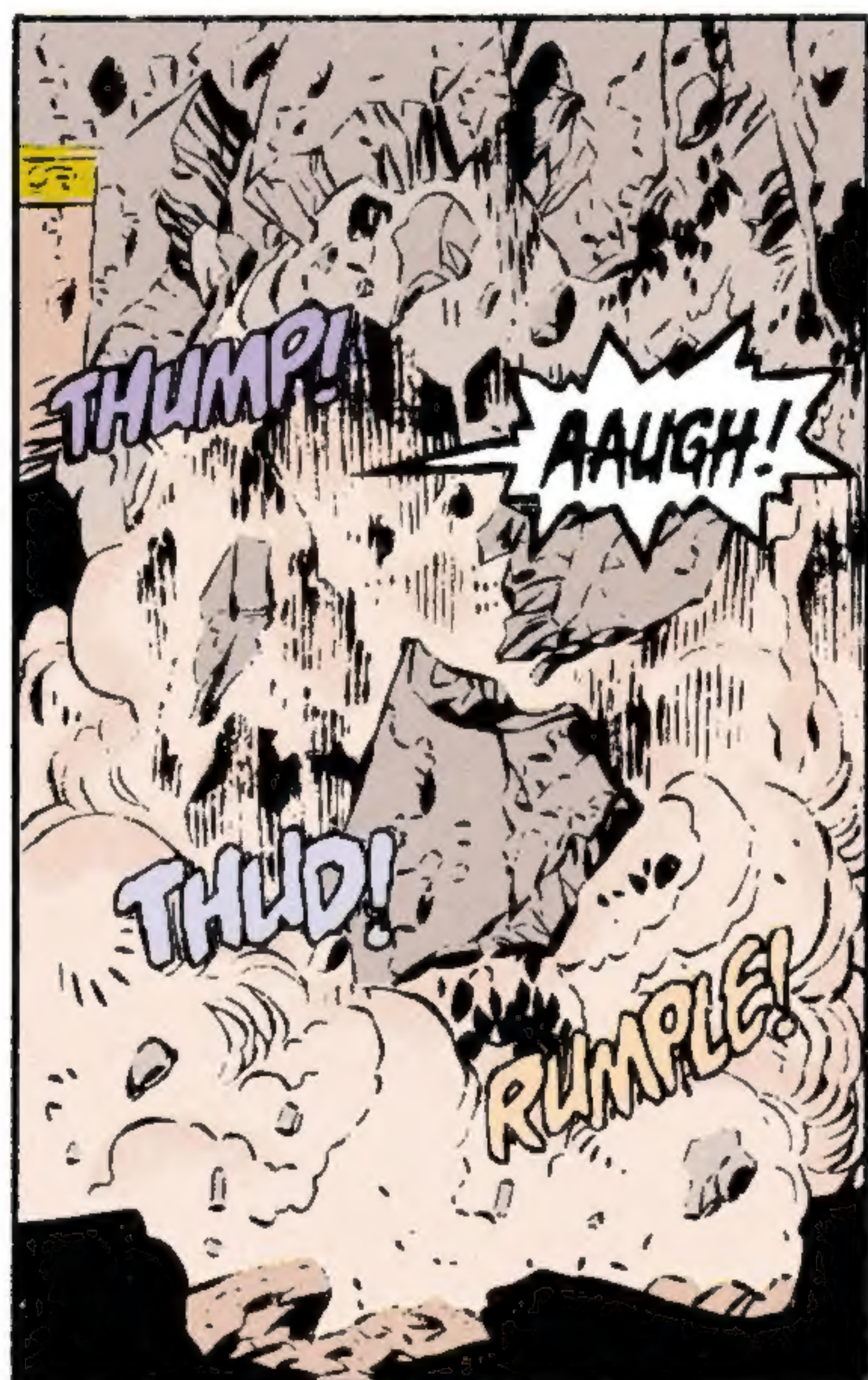
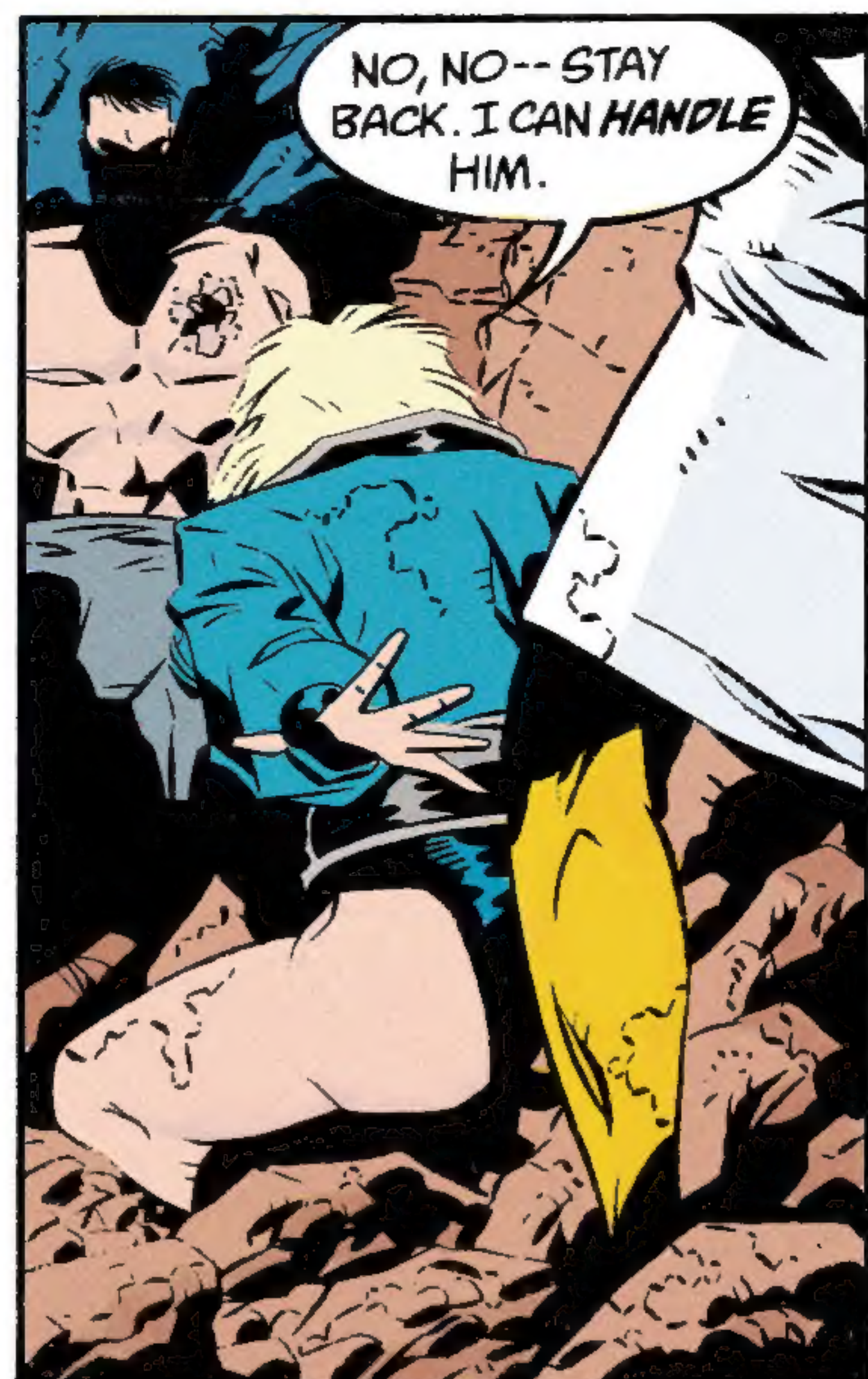
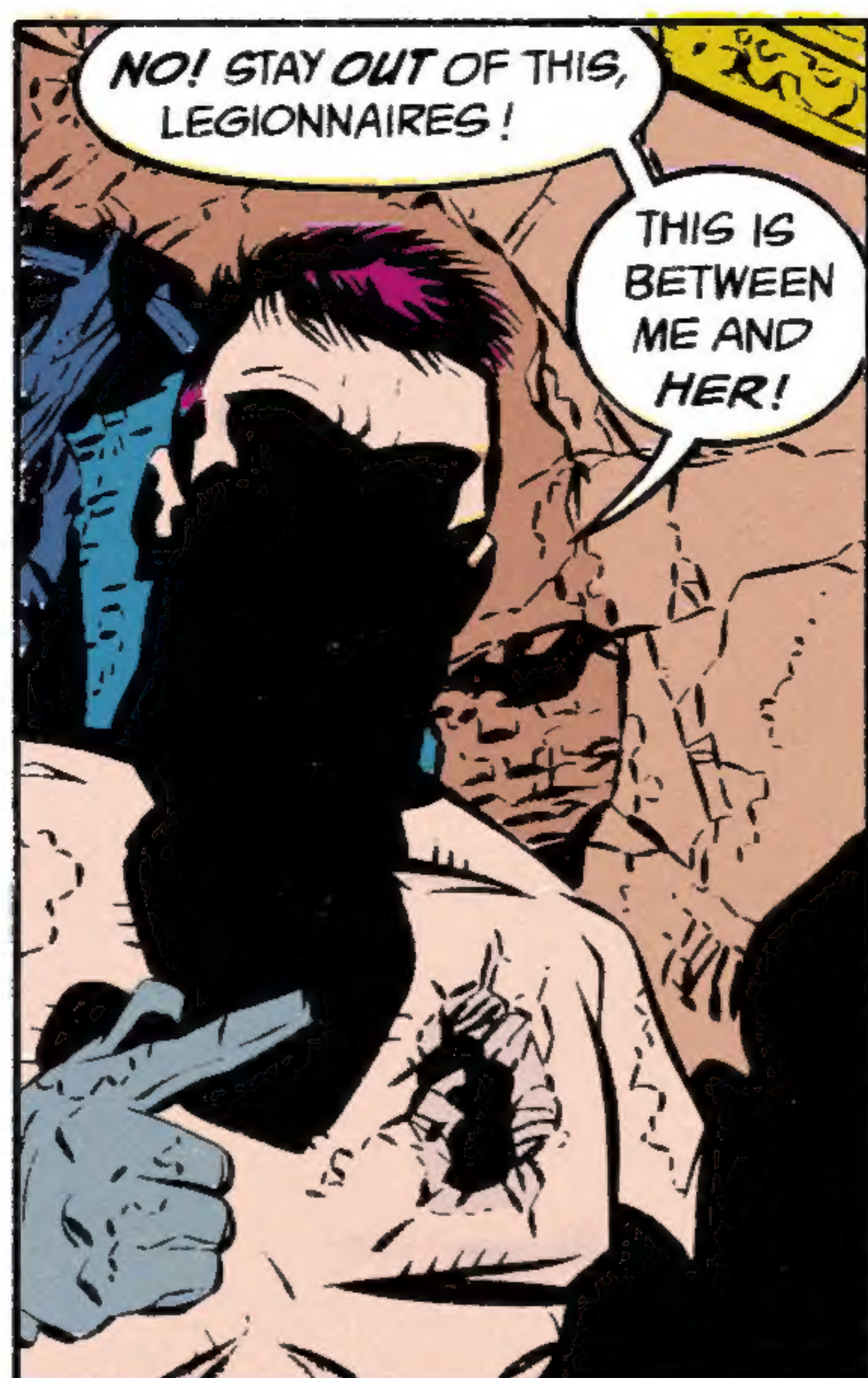
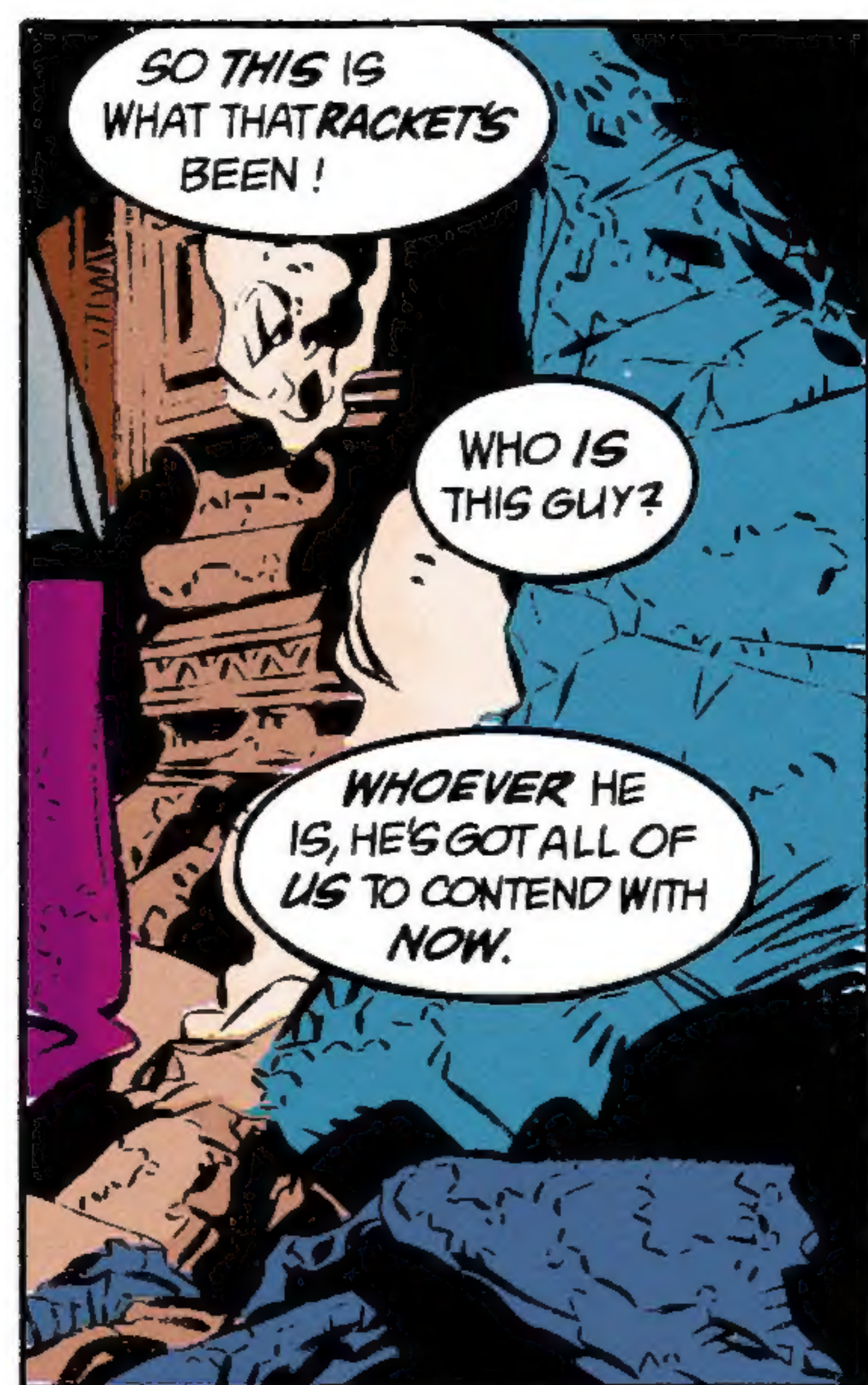
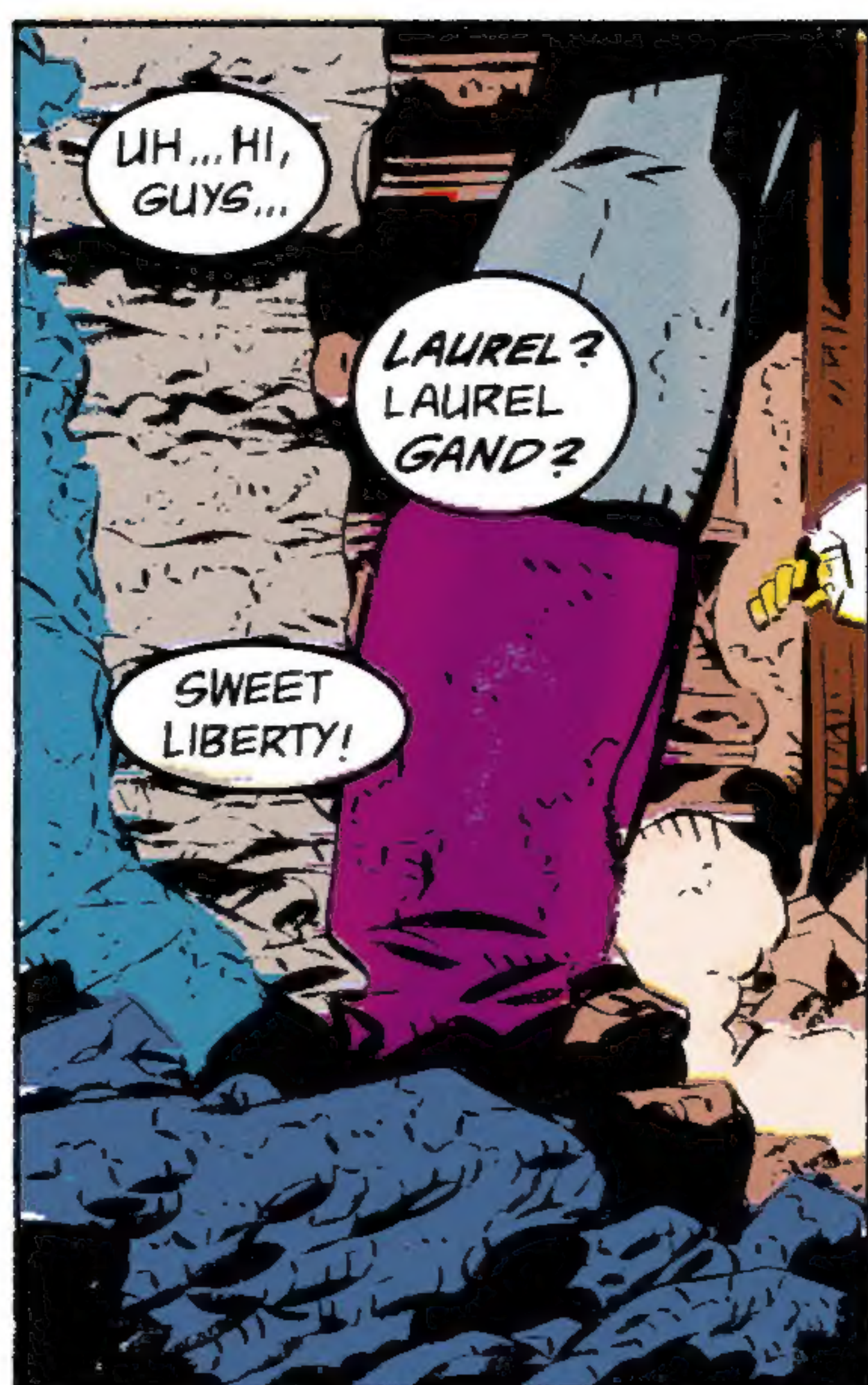
"WHATEVER THEY DOPED US
UP WITH, THEY GAVE TO HIM
IN *SPADES*."

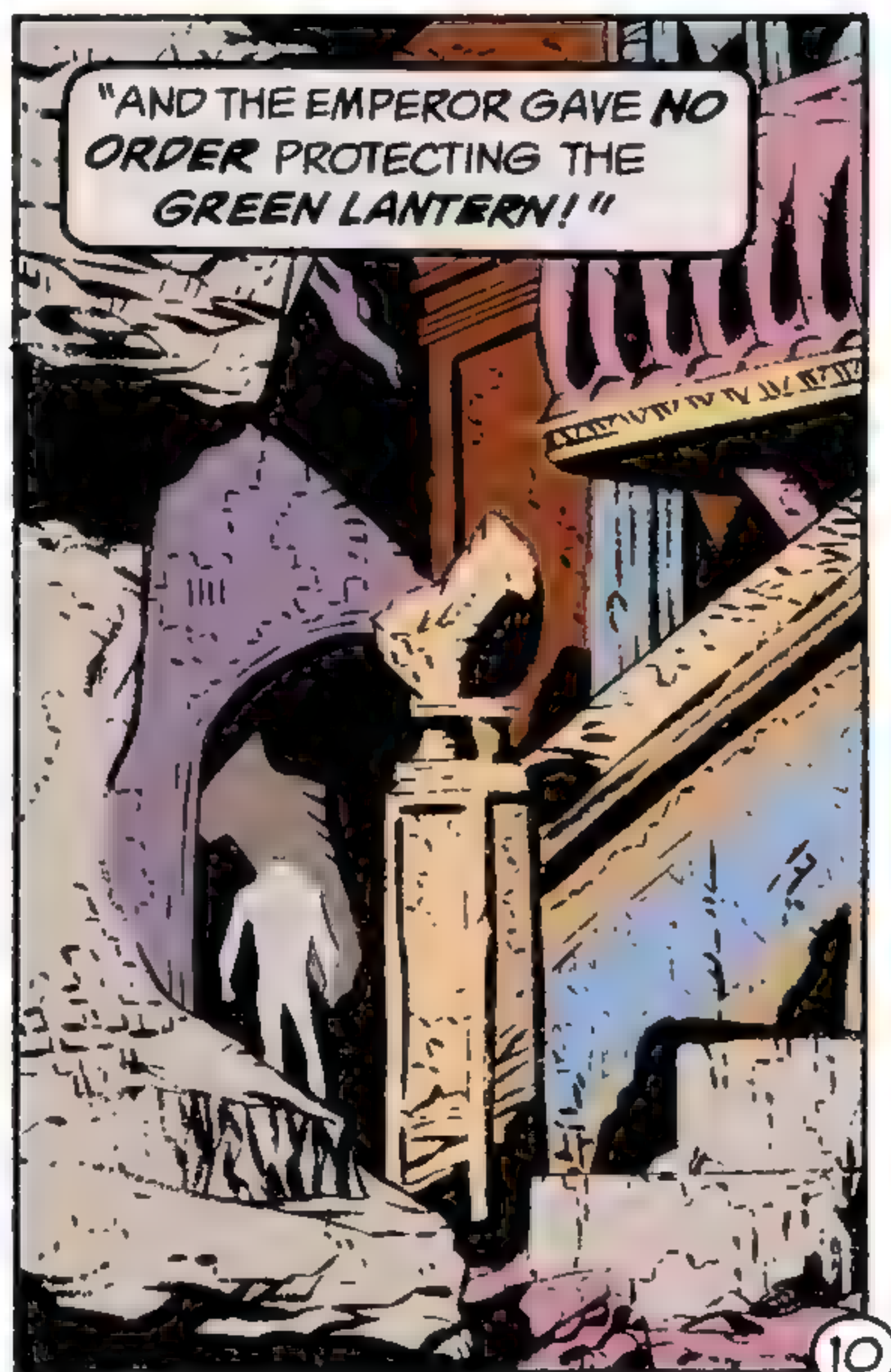
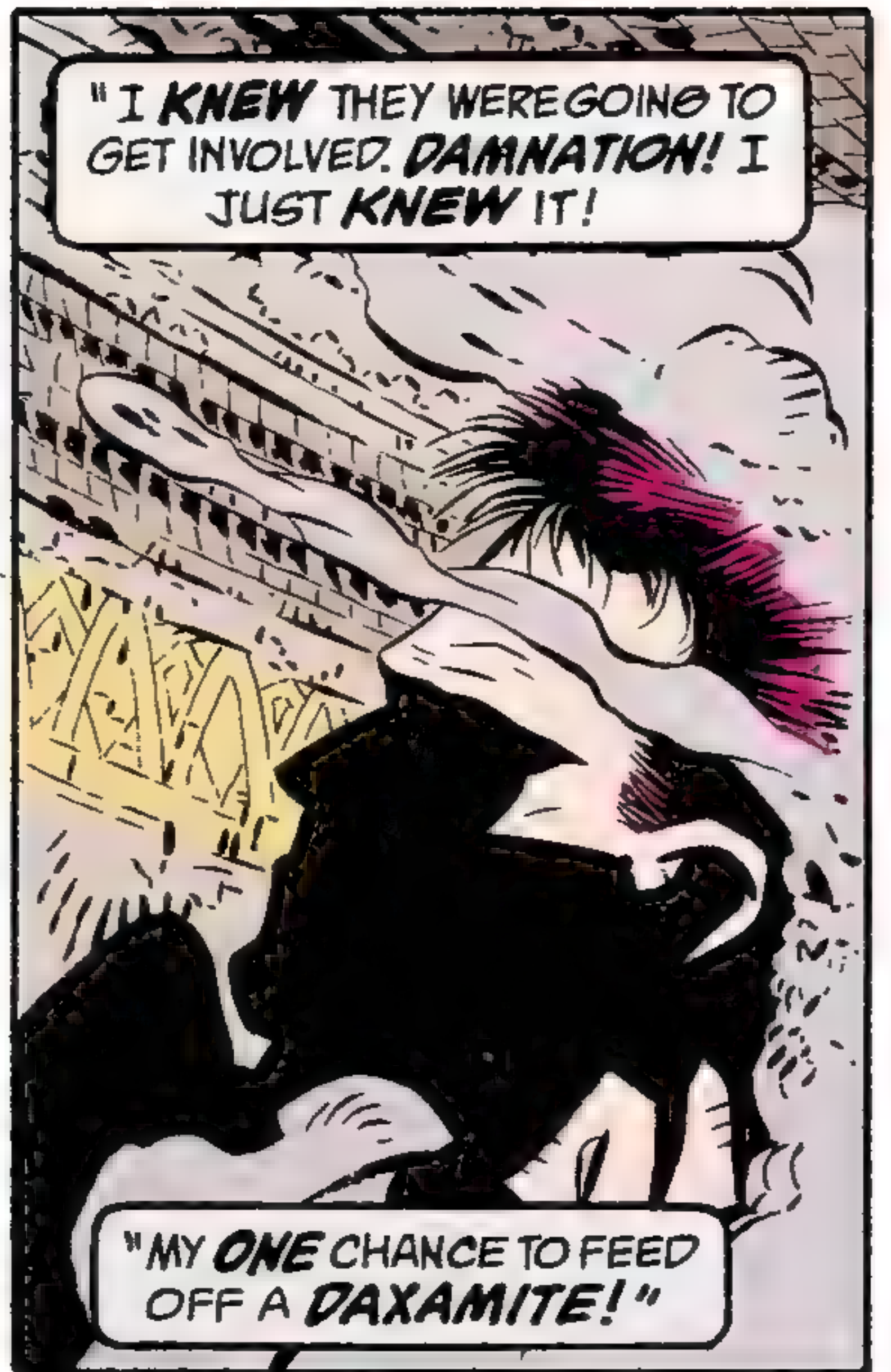
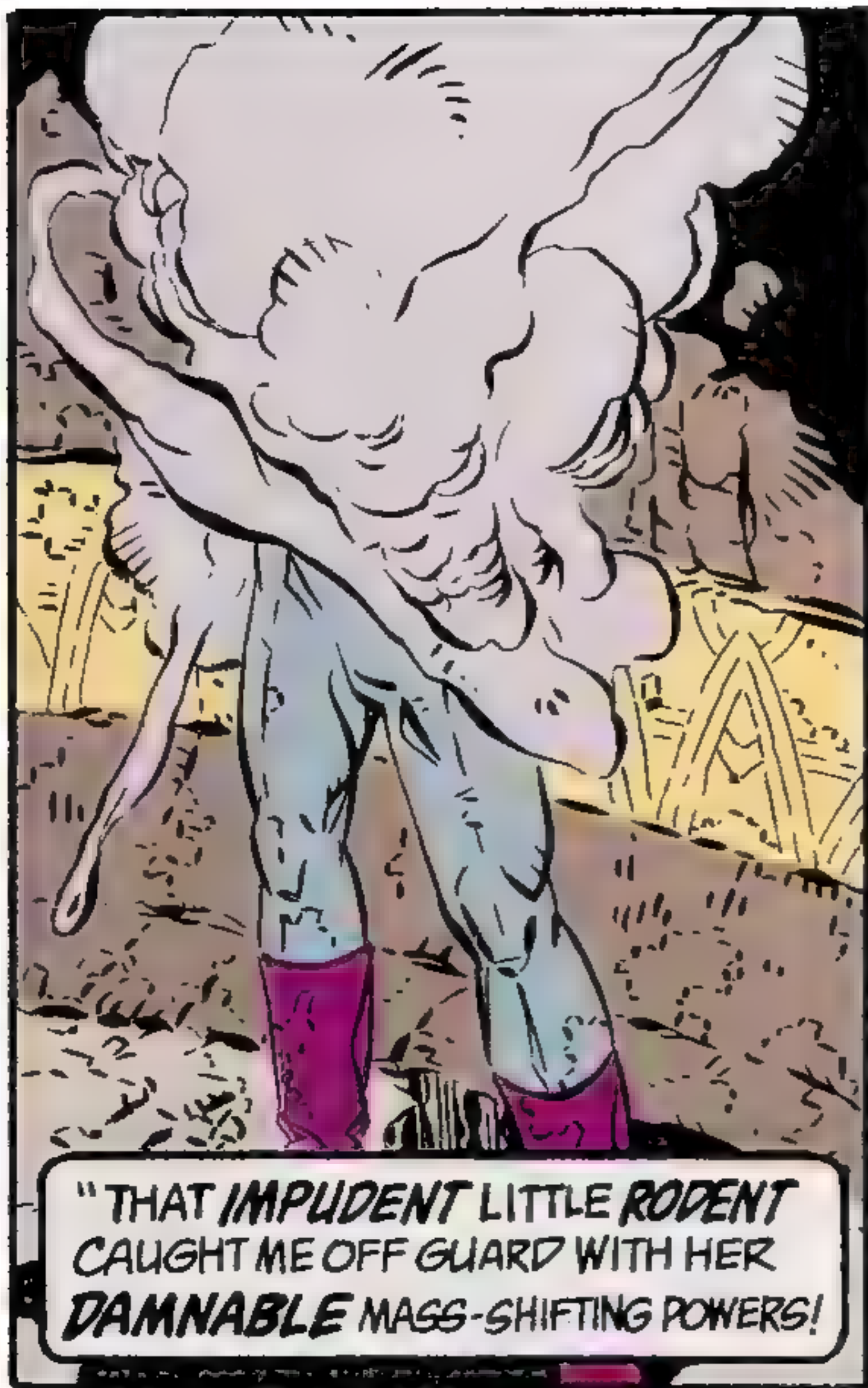
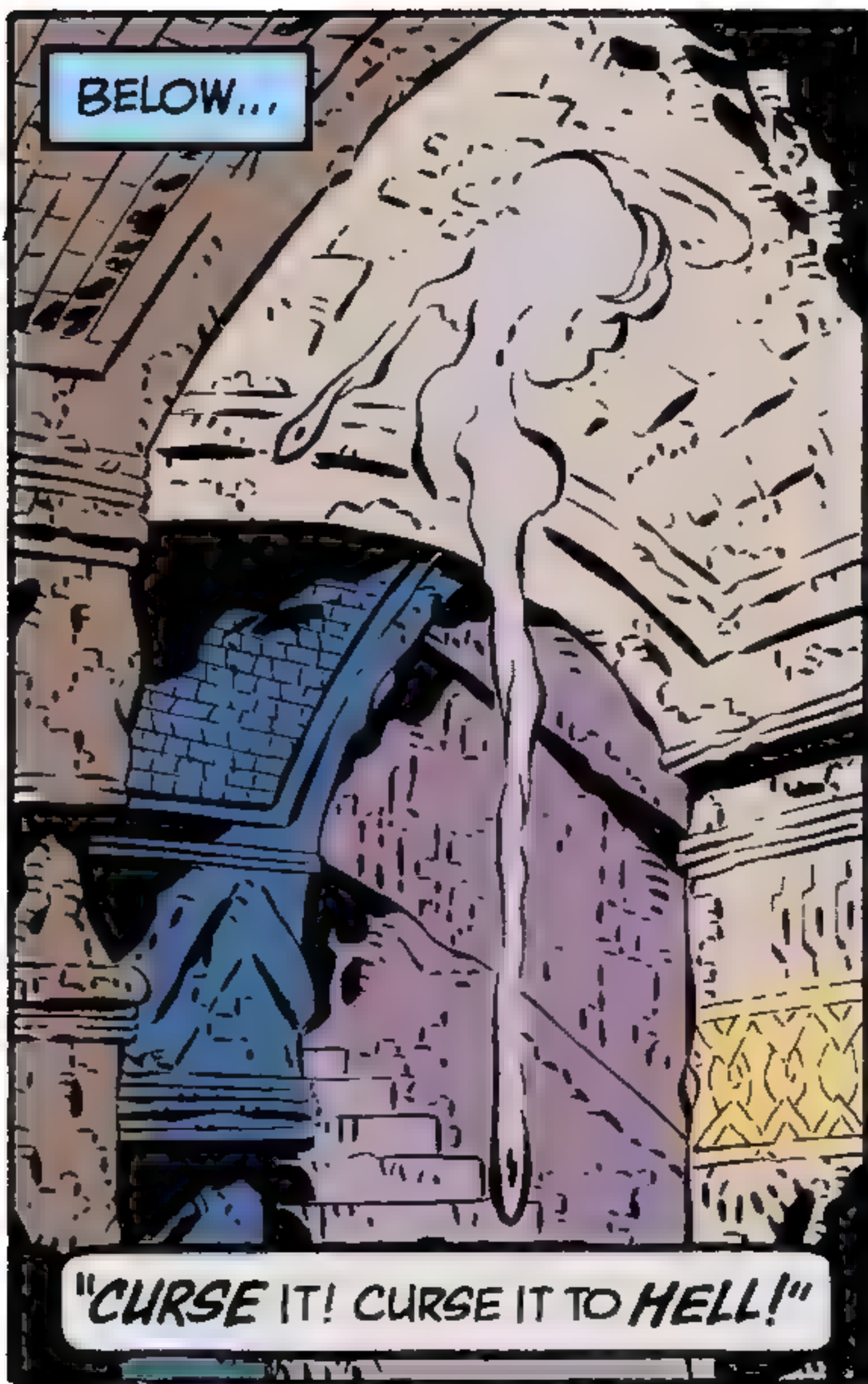
"GUESS THEY DIDN'T WANT HIM
TEARIN' UP THEIR *LUXURY*
ACCOMMODATIONS."



PTHOOM!

NOW
WHAT?







"this is all because of me.

"i know they came for me.
that's why they're here.

"that's why they endured
that horrible pain--
because of me.



"and he'll kill them...

"...or worse-- probably worse...

"...like he's done to me.



"gods, the torment in mordru's
soul-- the rage.

"he tries to control it--
he wants to...



"...but we
fail him.

"our weaknesses unleash
the demon in him.

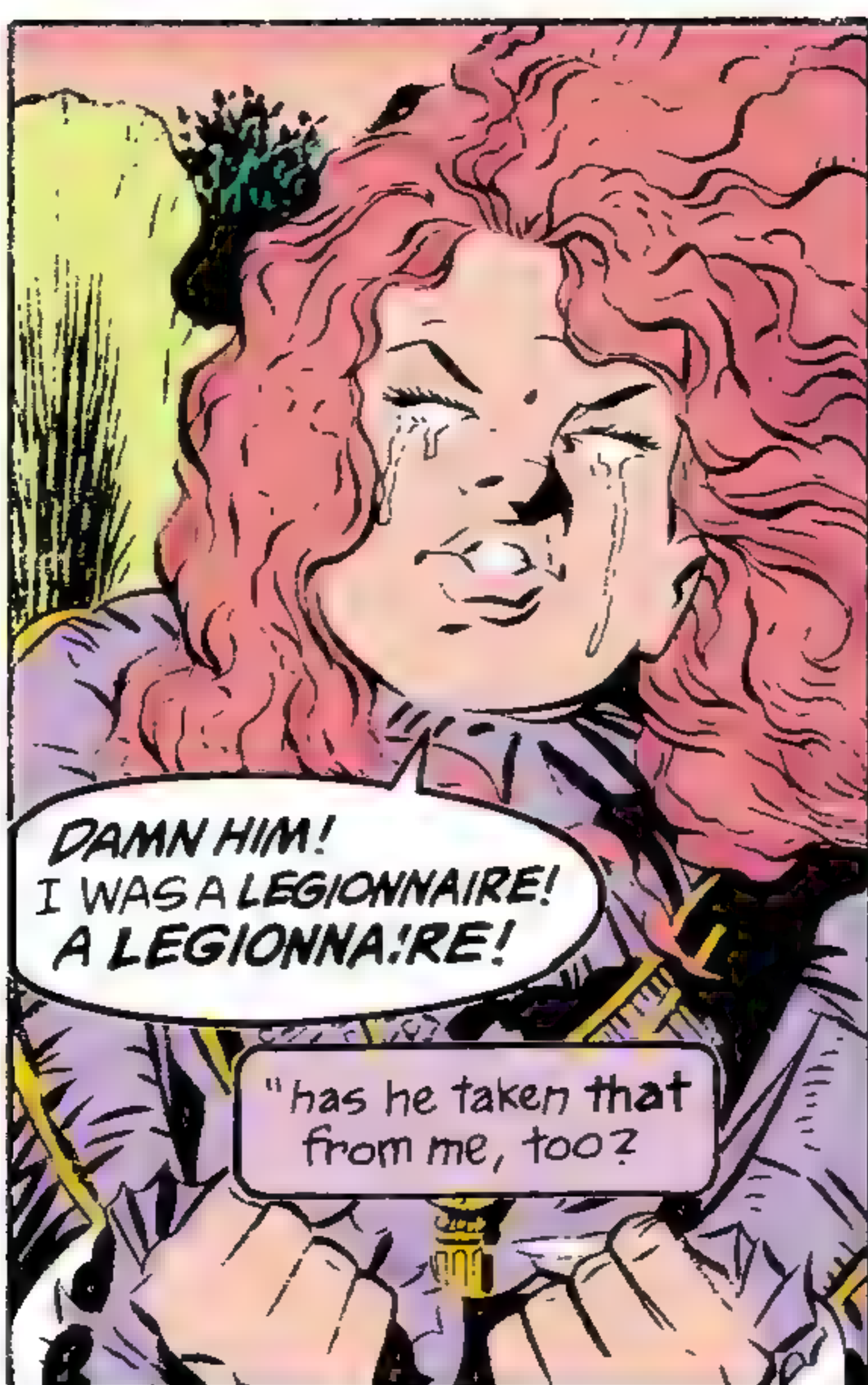


"we imagined we could
tame the demon.

"i dared to hope for an
idyllic life as first wife to
an emperor.



"and nothing-- *nothing* tortures
me like the memory of that hope."



DAMN HIM!
I WAS A LEGIONNAIRE!
A LEGIONNAIRE!

"has he taken that
from me, too?



"yes.

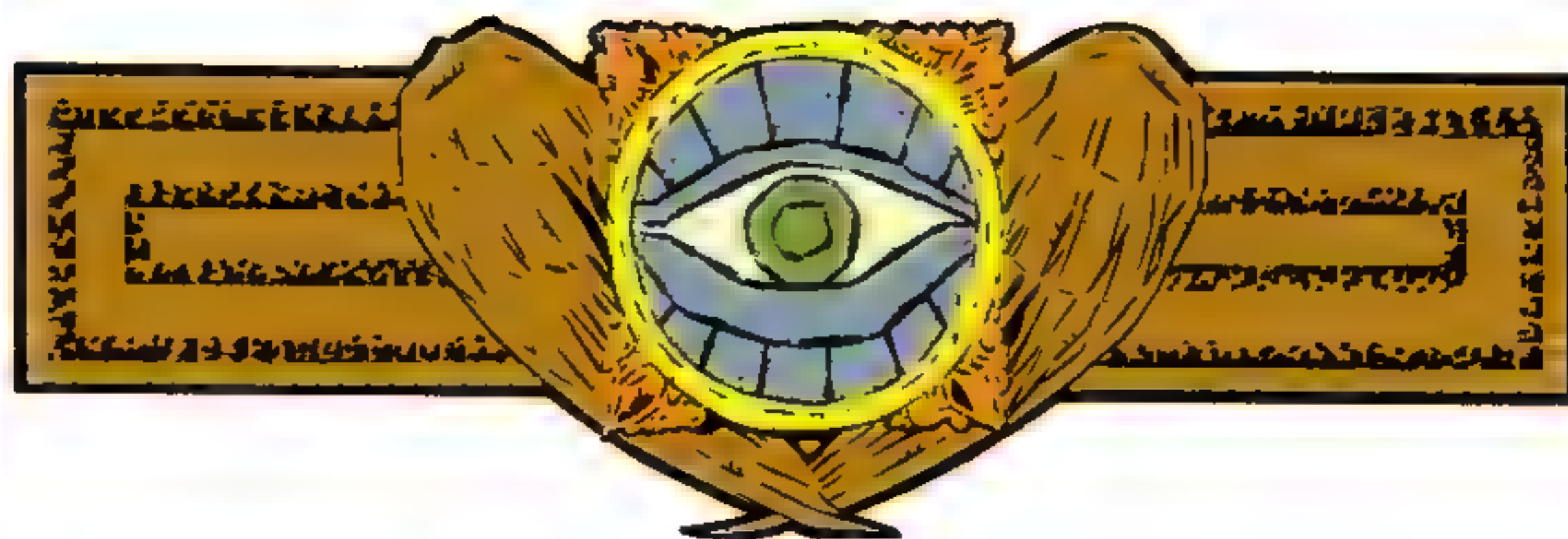
"if i let mordru kill them,
he's taken that from me, too.



"i have no choice, i
have to do this...

"...no matter *what*
he's done to me...

"...or what he'll
do to me."



Rokk's eyebrow raised involuntarily.

"What?! The child didn't know about the Lantern!" "He, uh, the Green Lantern attacked the palace . . ." "You stupid old fool! You've given him a second bargaining chip!" ". . . He is being justly punished!"

Rokk took a long sip of the wine.

"The boy is stalling, evaluating the little gift I've so stupidly presented him with. Curse it!"

"Well, sir, it would never be our intention to keep Mysa away from you against her will. And as for the Green Lantern . . ."

"Bah! What does it matter? They'd have found out sooner or later and come back."

". . . While it's true he attacked you, perhaps his actions should be judged in an impartial court."

"Perhaps—?! You presumptuous little . . . No, no, easy, old man. He will use your righteous fury against you." "My subjects have never suggested I rule with anything but fairness."

Rokk swallowed self-consciously.

"The boy knows he hasn't won anything yet."

"Well, sir, for a great leader, it's not enough to simply *not* abuse your power. You must avoid the *appearance* of such an abuse."

"Meaning what?"

Rokk swirled the wine around in his glass and stared to the side. "Meaning . . . if the rest of the free worlds saw you serving as judge, jury, and executioner of your acknowledged enemies, you could find yourself facing . . . well . . ."

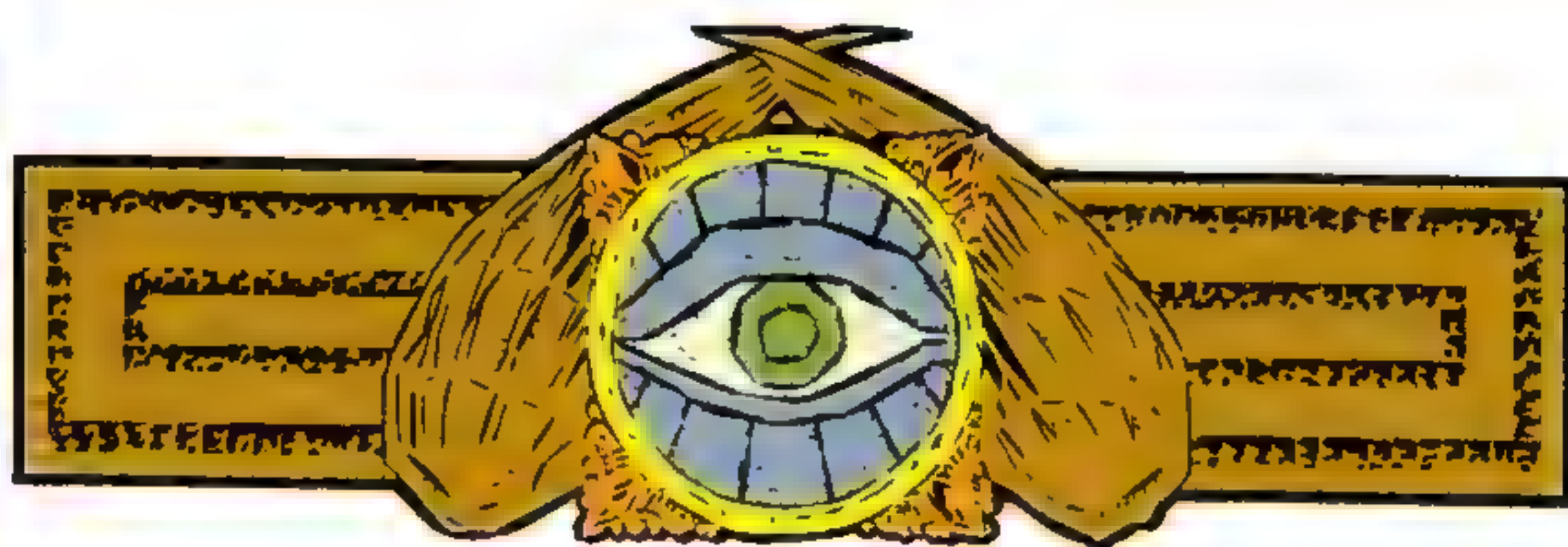
"Damn it—he has figured it out!"

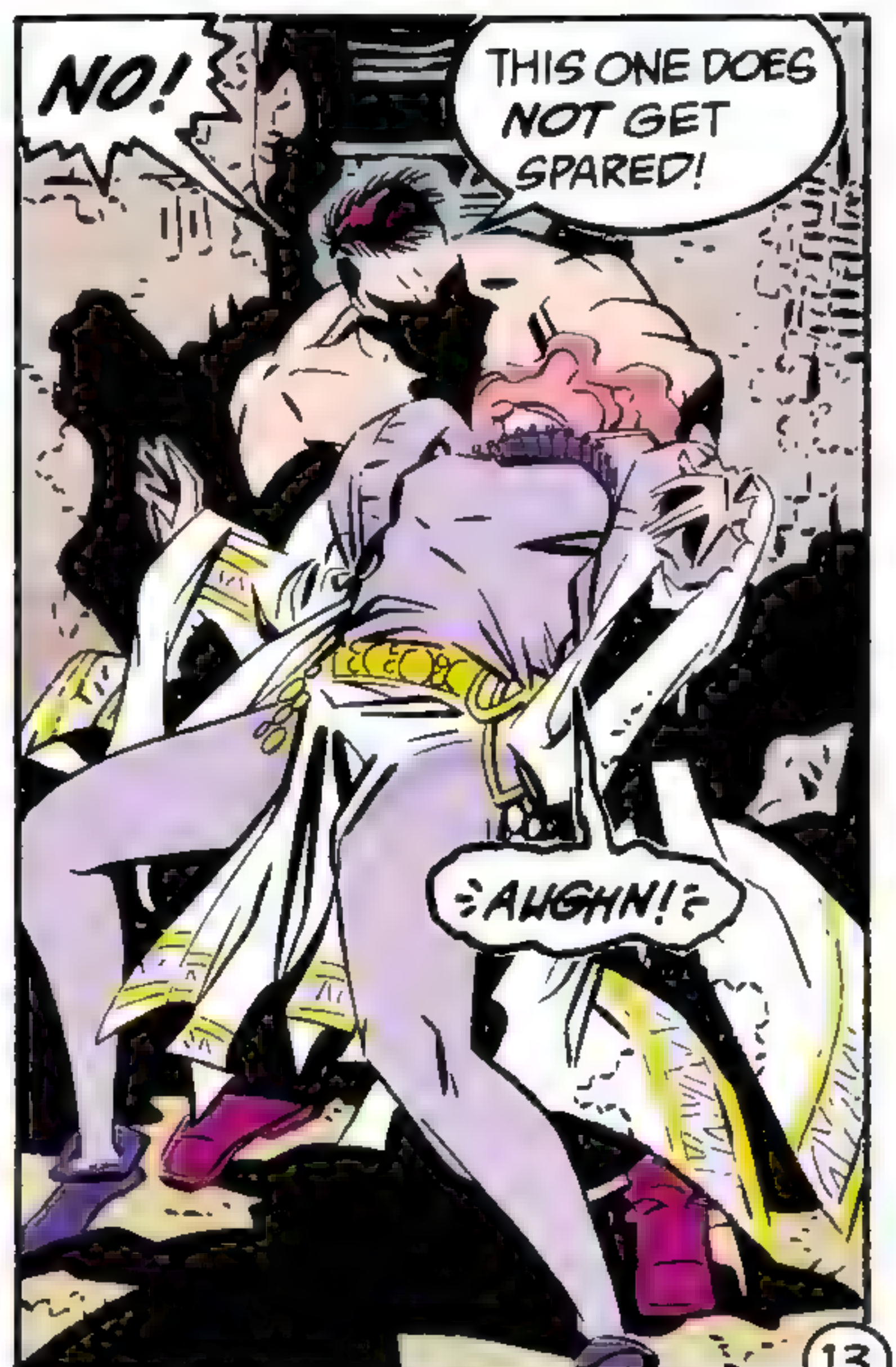
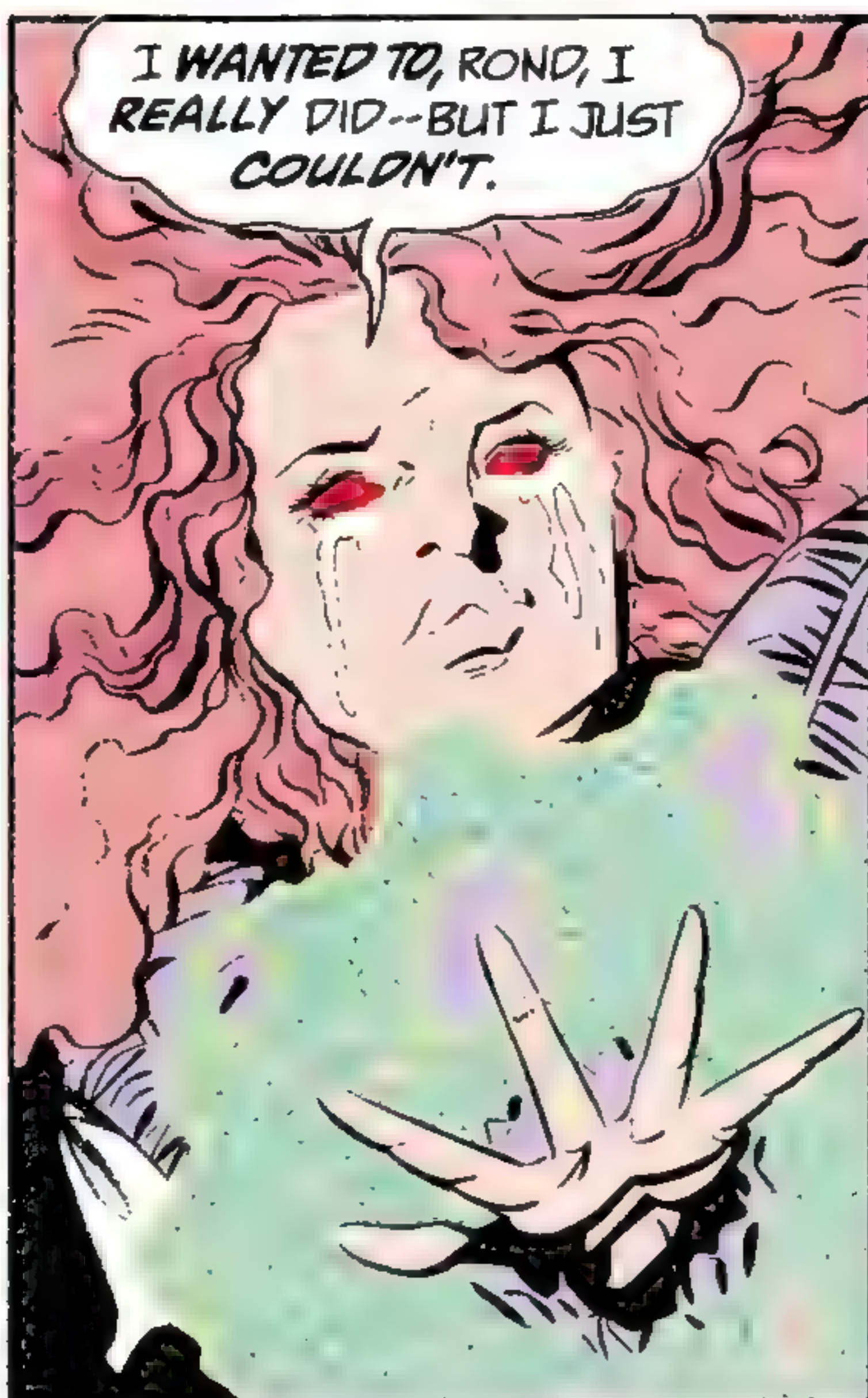
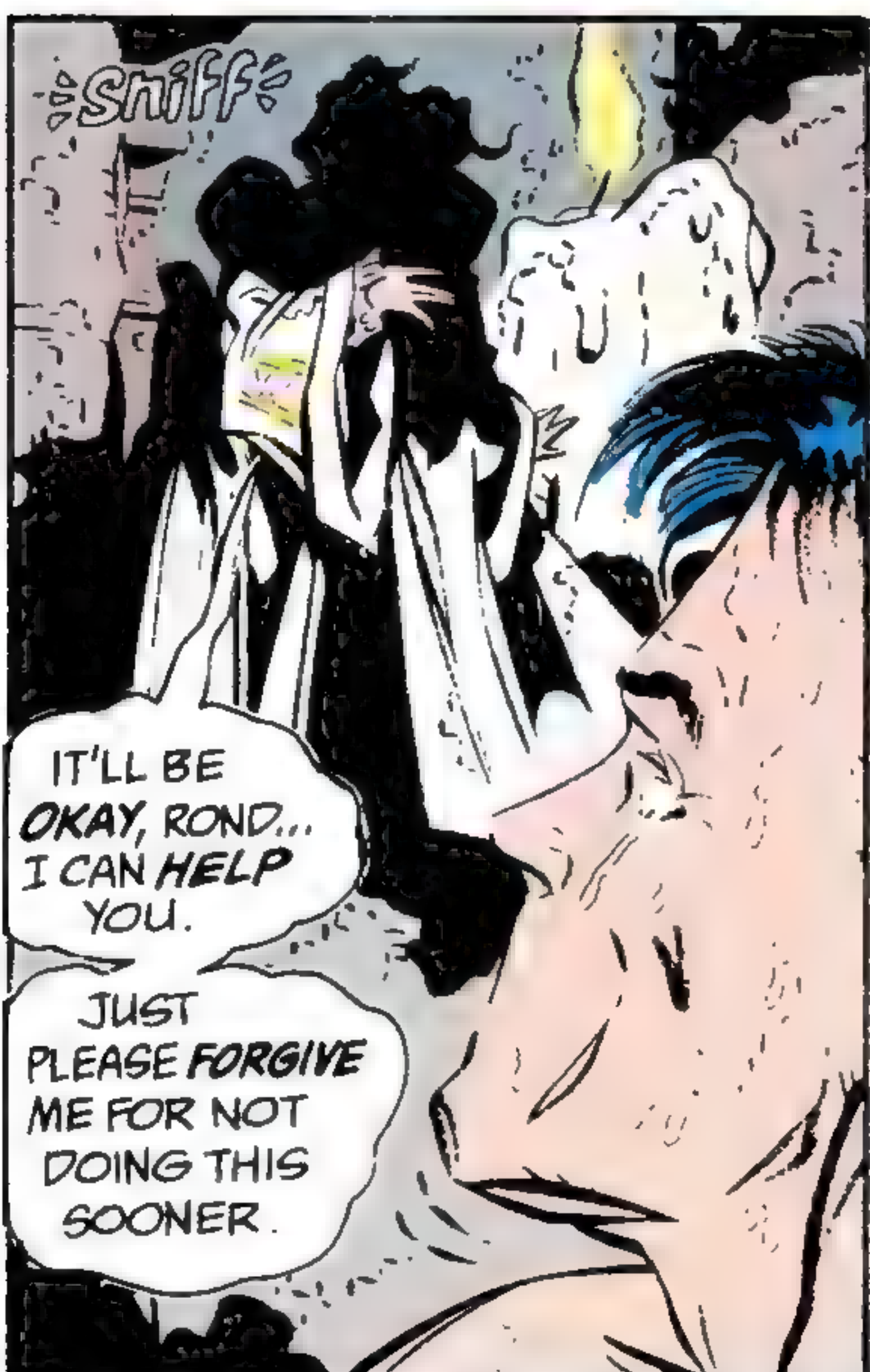
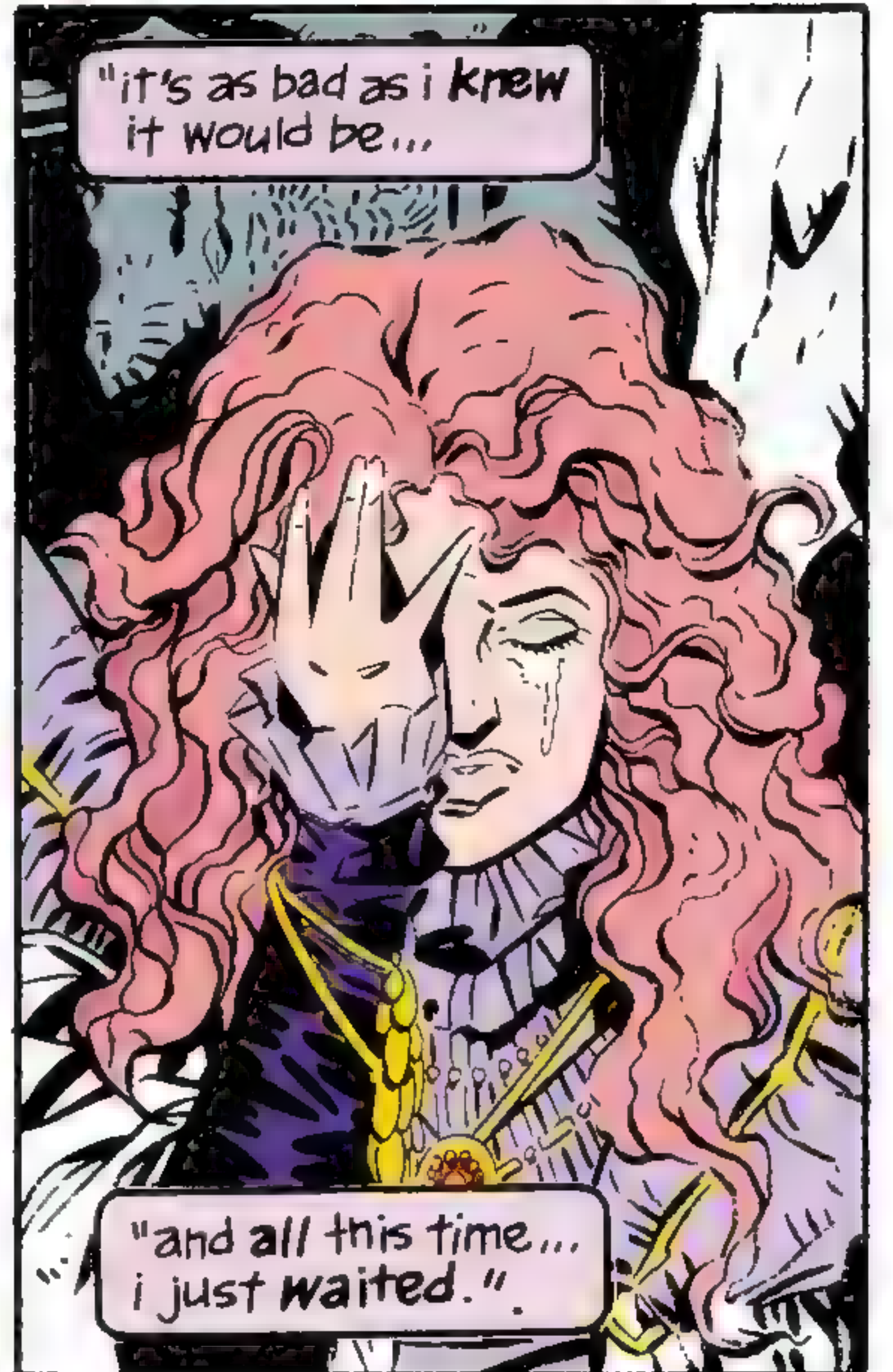
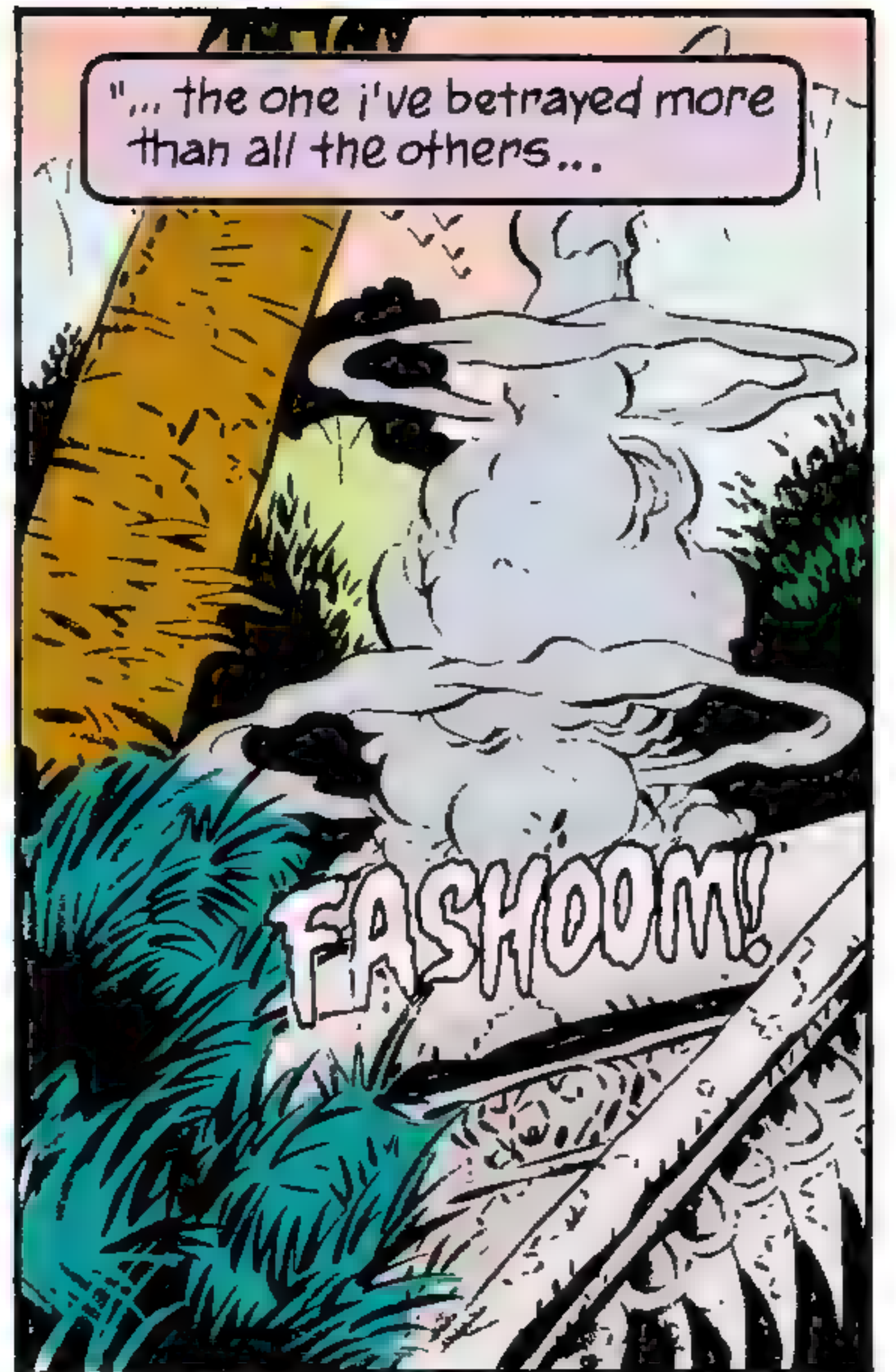
". . . In other words, you have to watch your actions, sir, or you will provide every ex-Legionnaire and every free world with reason to rise up against you."

"Damnation! I've underestimated him again!" "I cannot control the actions of others, my friend. But I *am* prepared to defend myself."

Rokk carefully chewed the last of his meat. "Can you afford to provoke an all-out attack *now*, sir? Are you *ready* for that?"

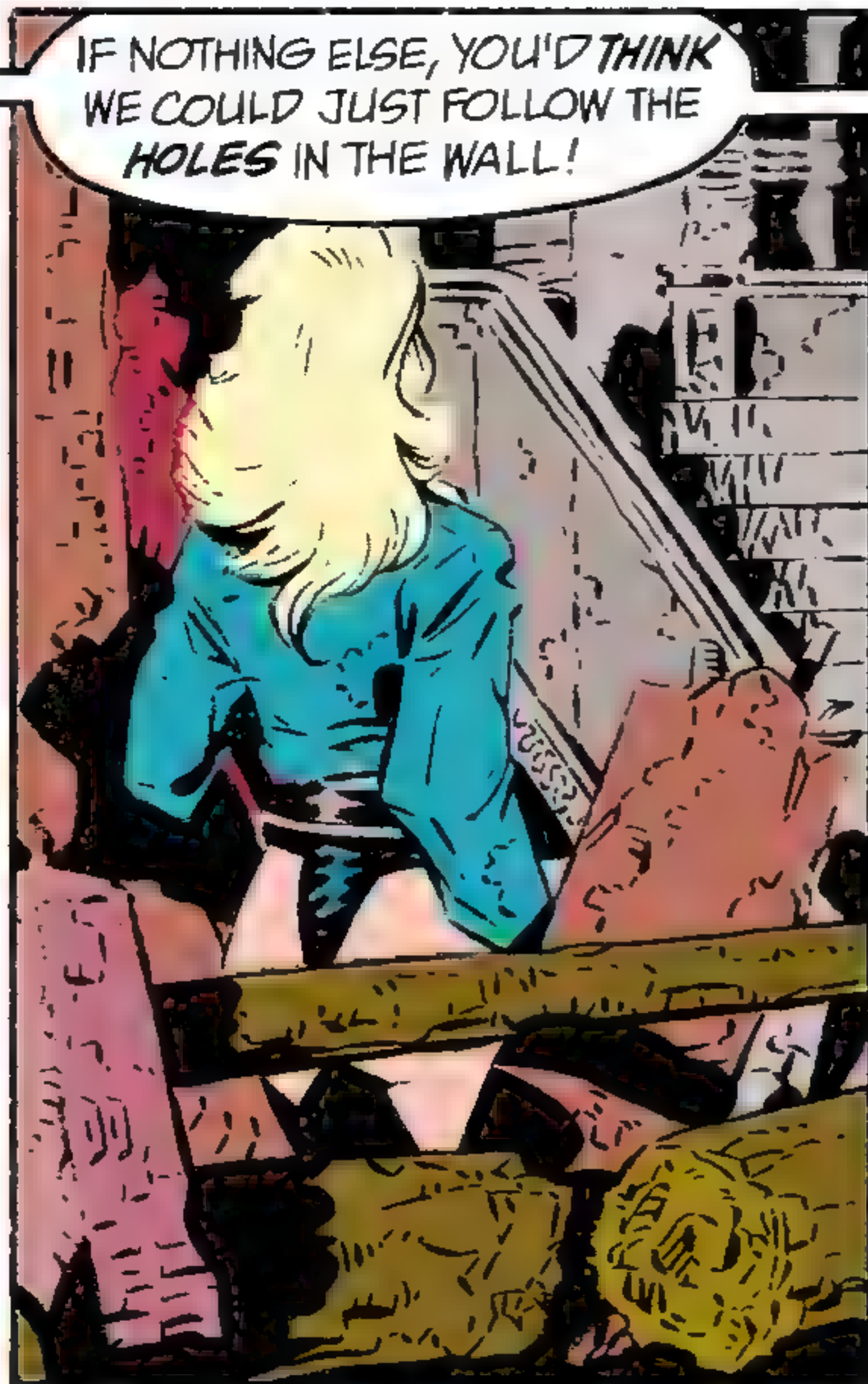
Mordru pushed himself away from the table. "Let's retire to the garden, shall we?"



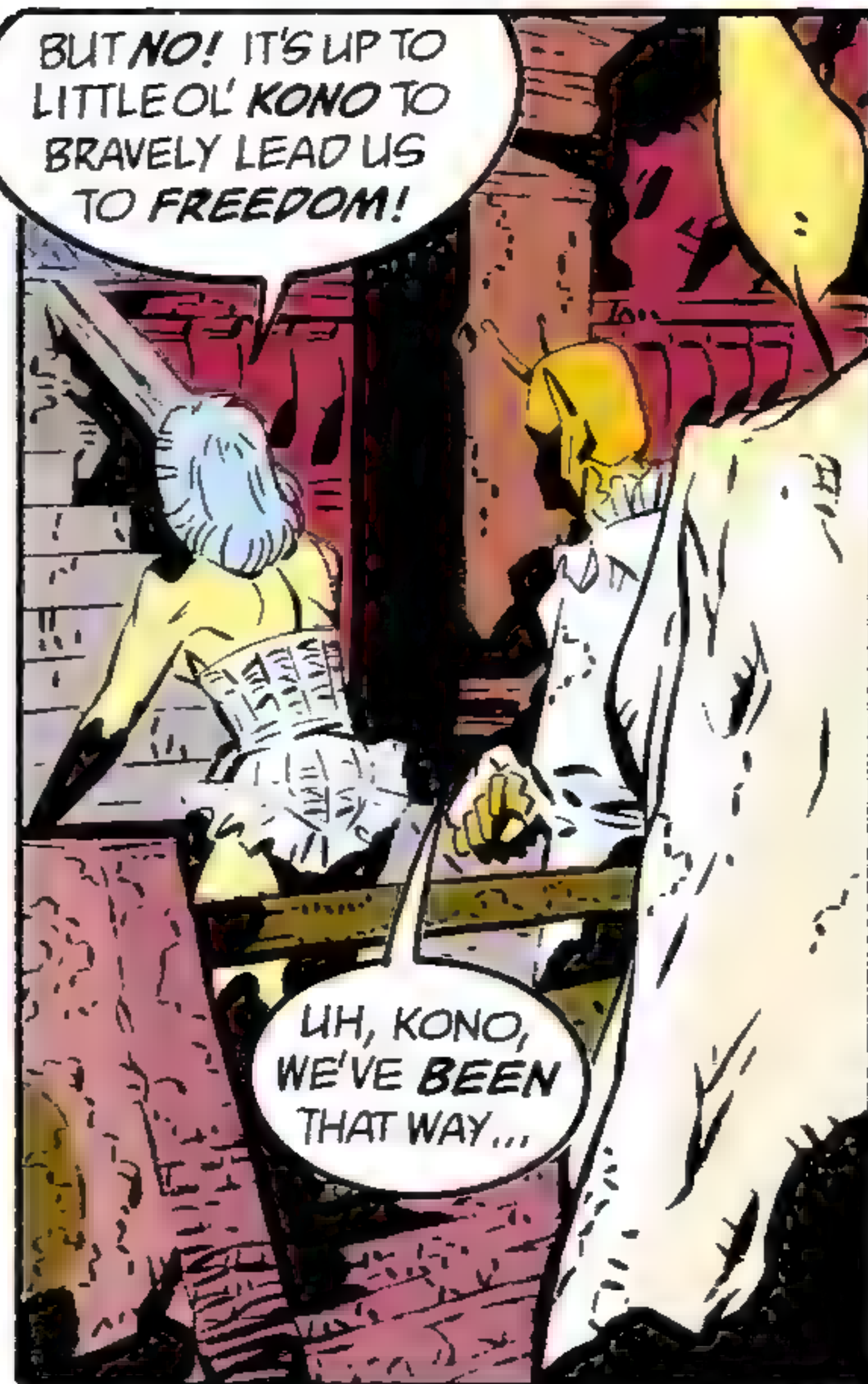




YOU KNOW, WITH ALL THE SUPER-PEEPERS IN THIS CROWD, YOU'D THINK WE COULD FIND A DAMN EXIT.

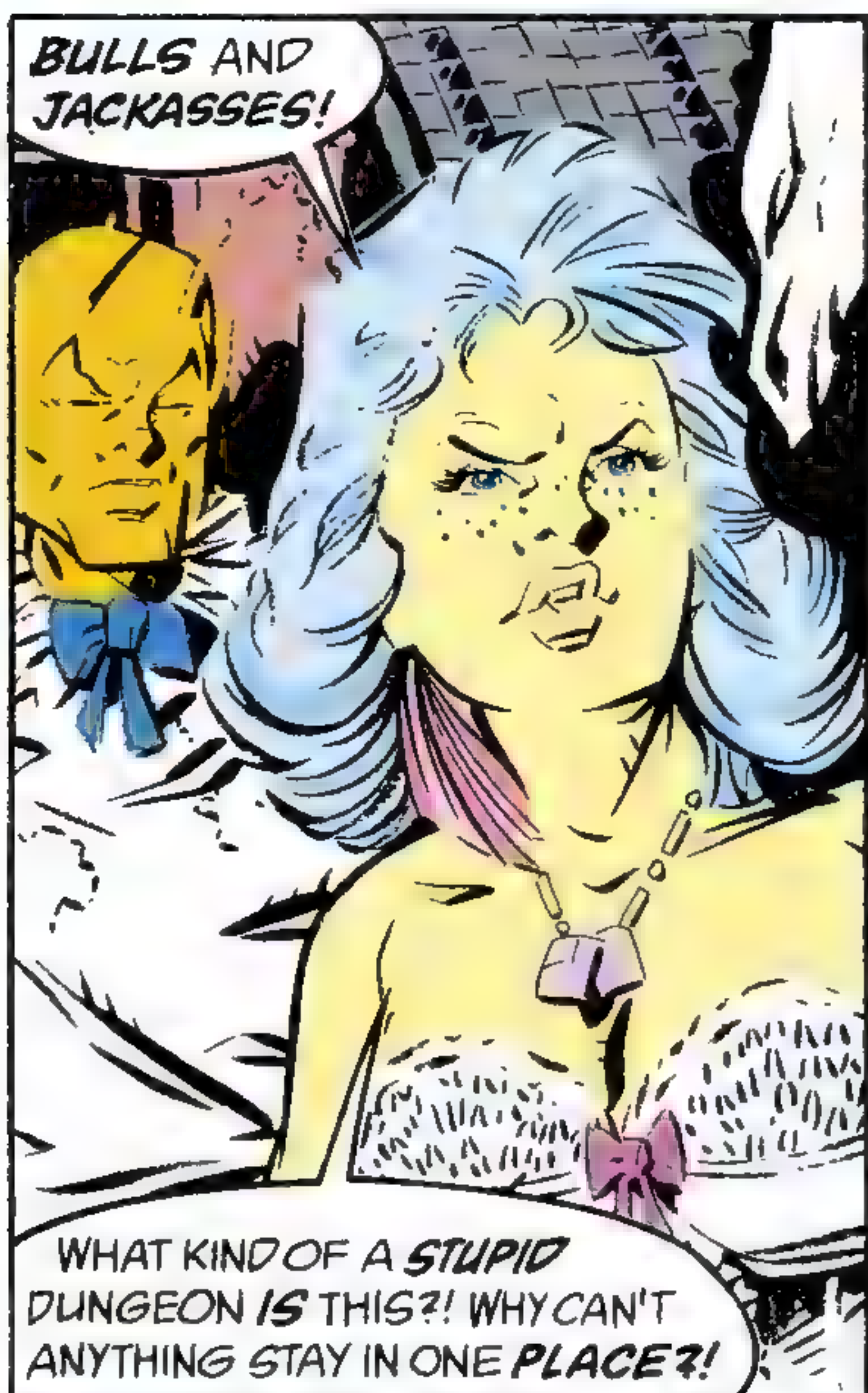


IF NOTHING ELSE, YOU'D THINK WE COULD JUST FOLLOW THE HOLES IN THE WALL!



BUT NO! IT'S UP TO LITTLE OL' KONO TO BRAVELY LEAD US TO FREEDOM!

UH, KONO, WE'VE BEEN THAT WAY...



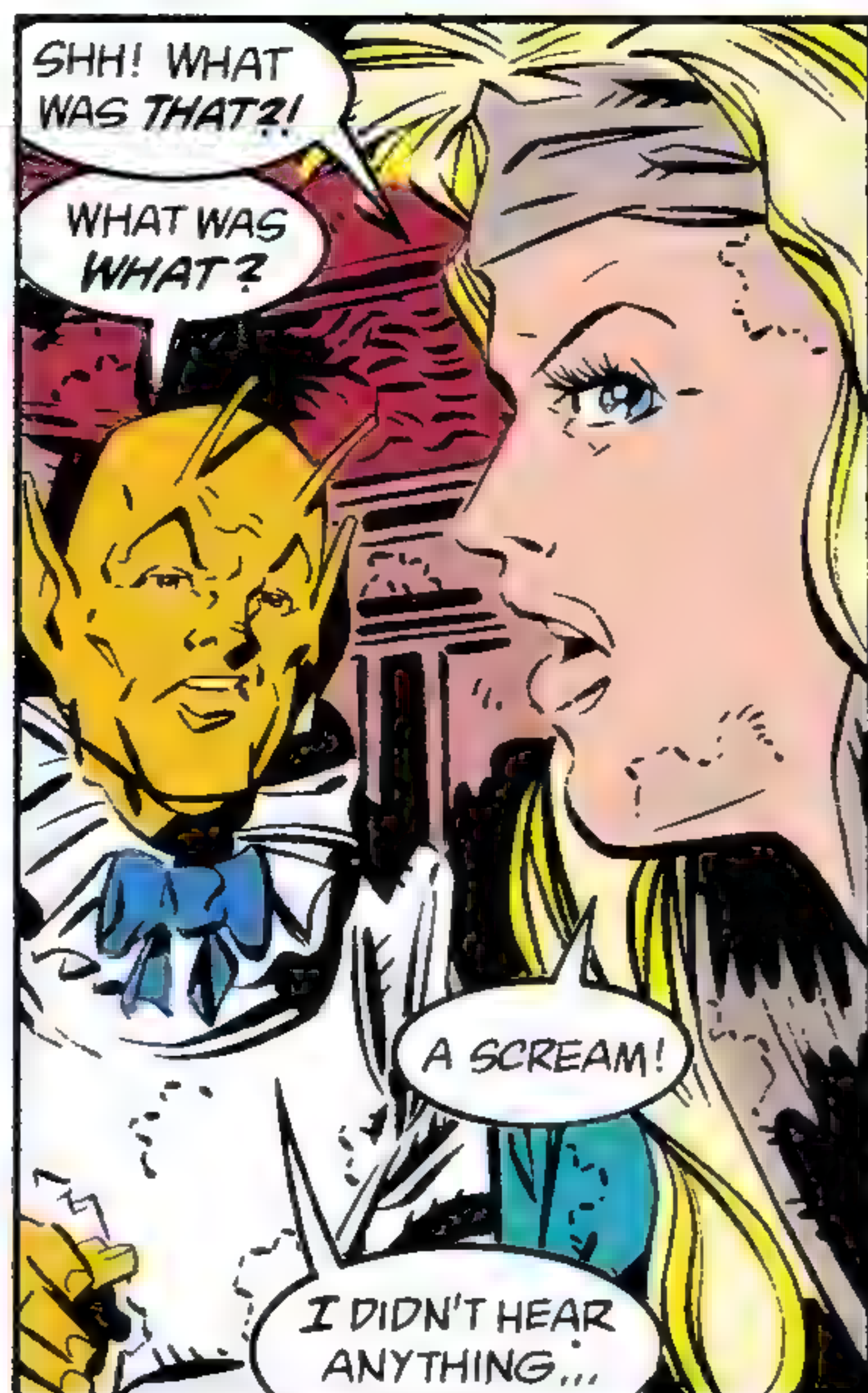
BULLS AND JACKASSES!

WHAT KIND OF A STUPID DUNGEON IS THIS?! WHY CAN'T ANYTHING STAY IN ONE PLACE?!



HEY, CAN WE KEEP MOVING?

I'M ABOUT READY TO GAG ON THE SMELL OF SOGGY FUR.

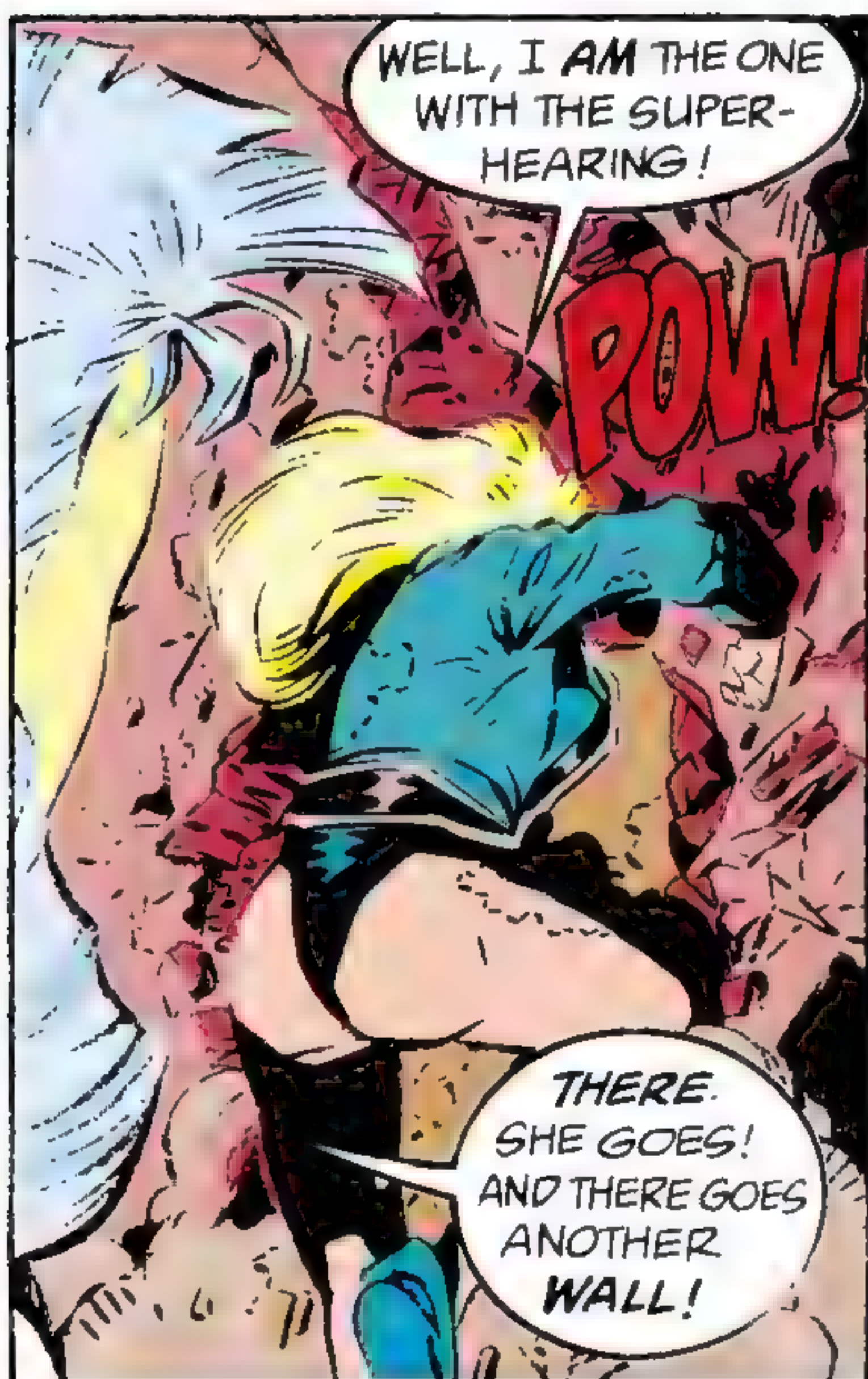


SHH! WHAT WAS THAT?!

WHAT WAS WHAT?

A SCREAM!

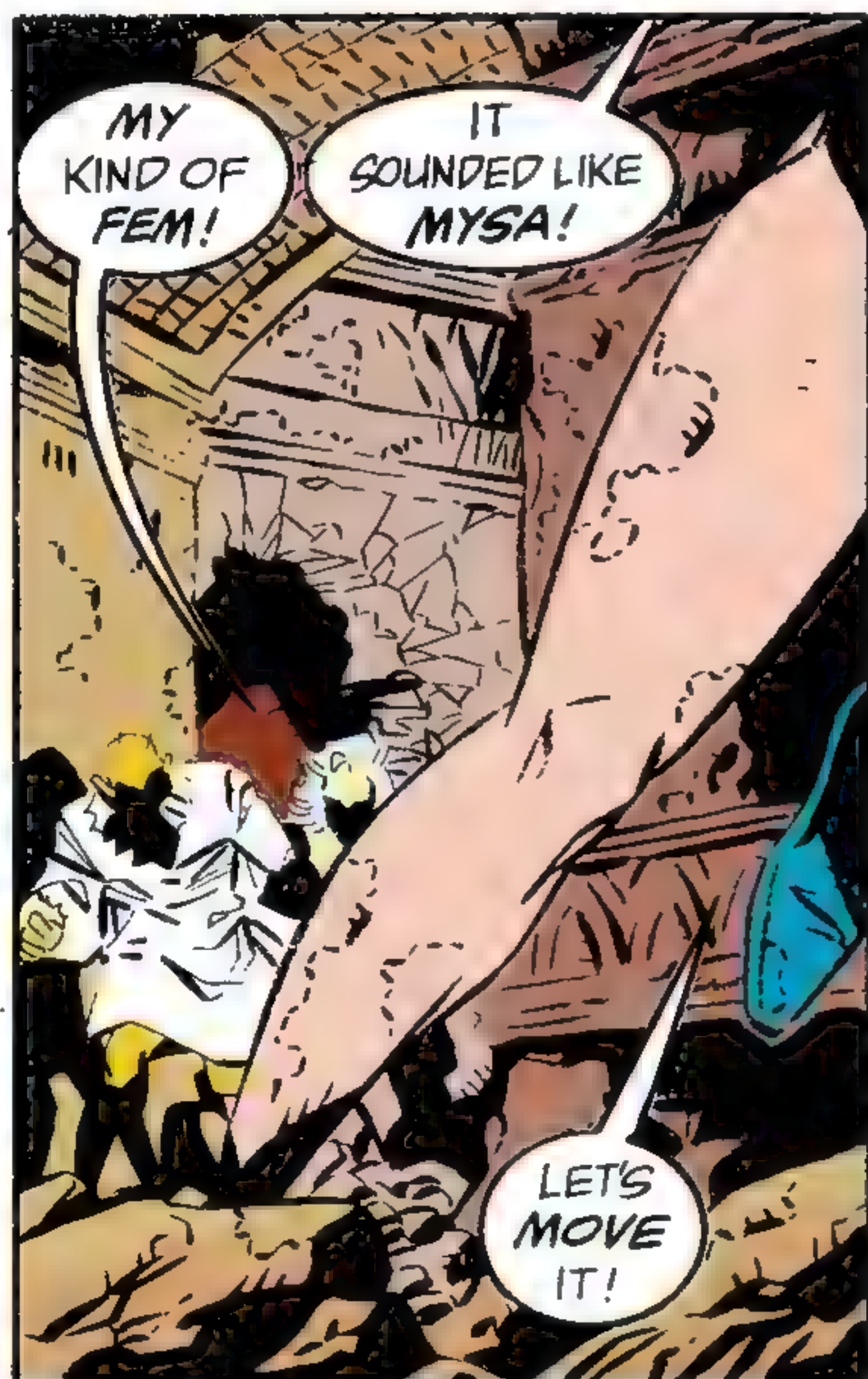
I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING...



WELL, I AM THE ONE WITH THE SUPER-HEARING!

POW!

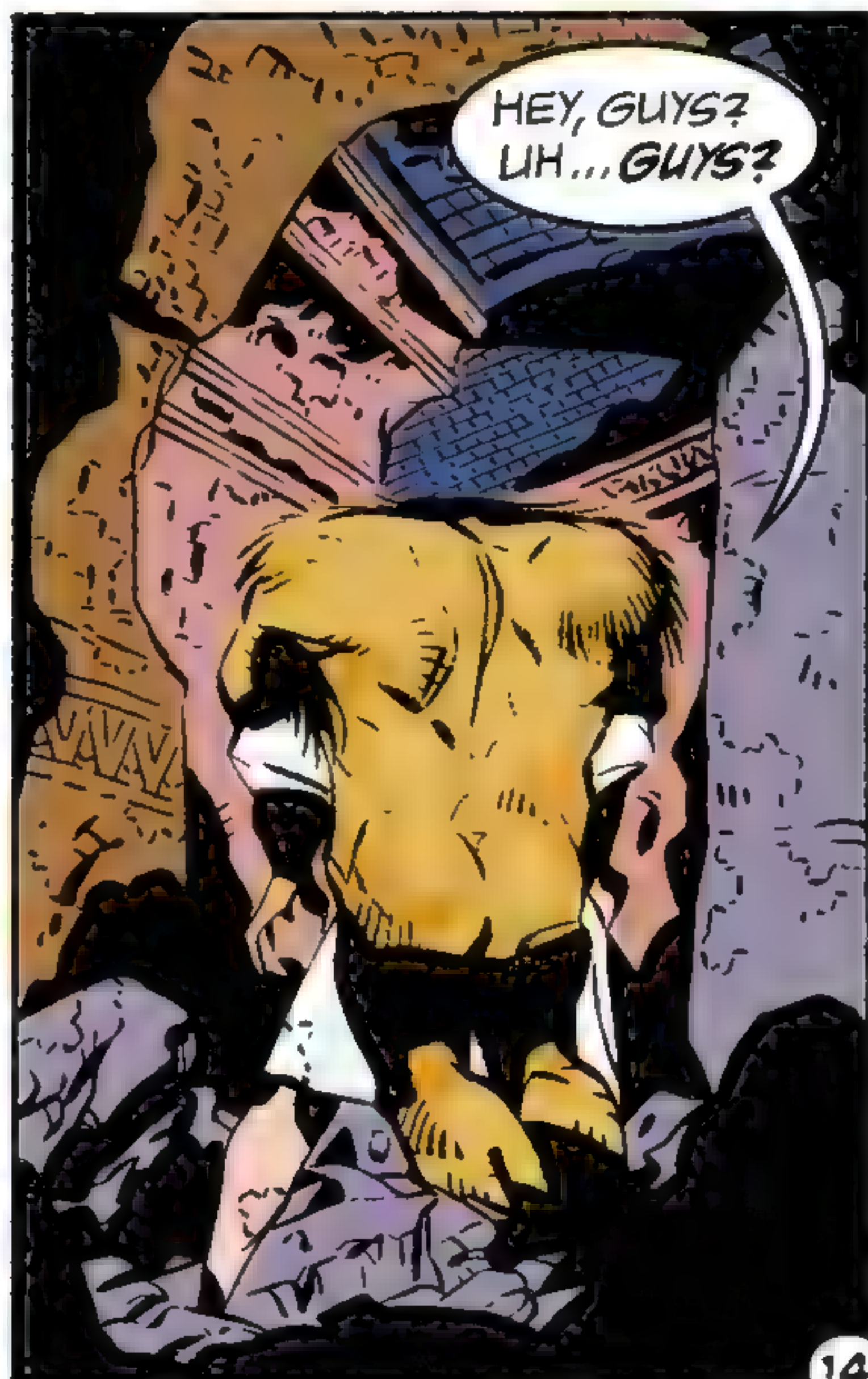
THERE SHE GOES! AND THERE GOES ANOTHER WALL!



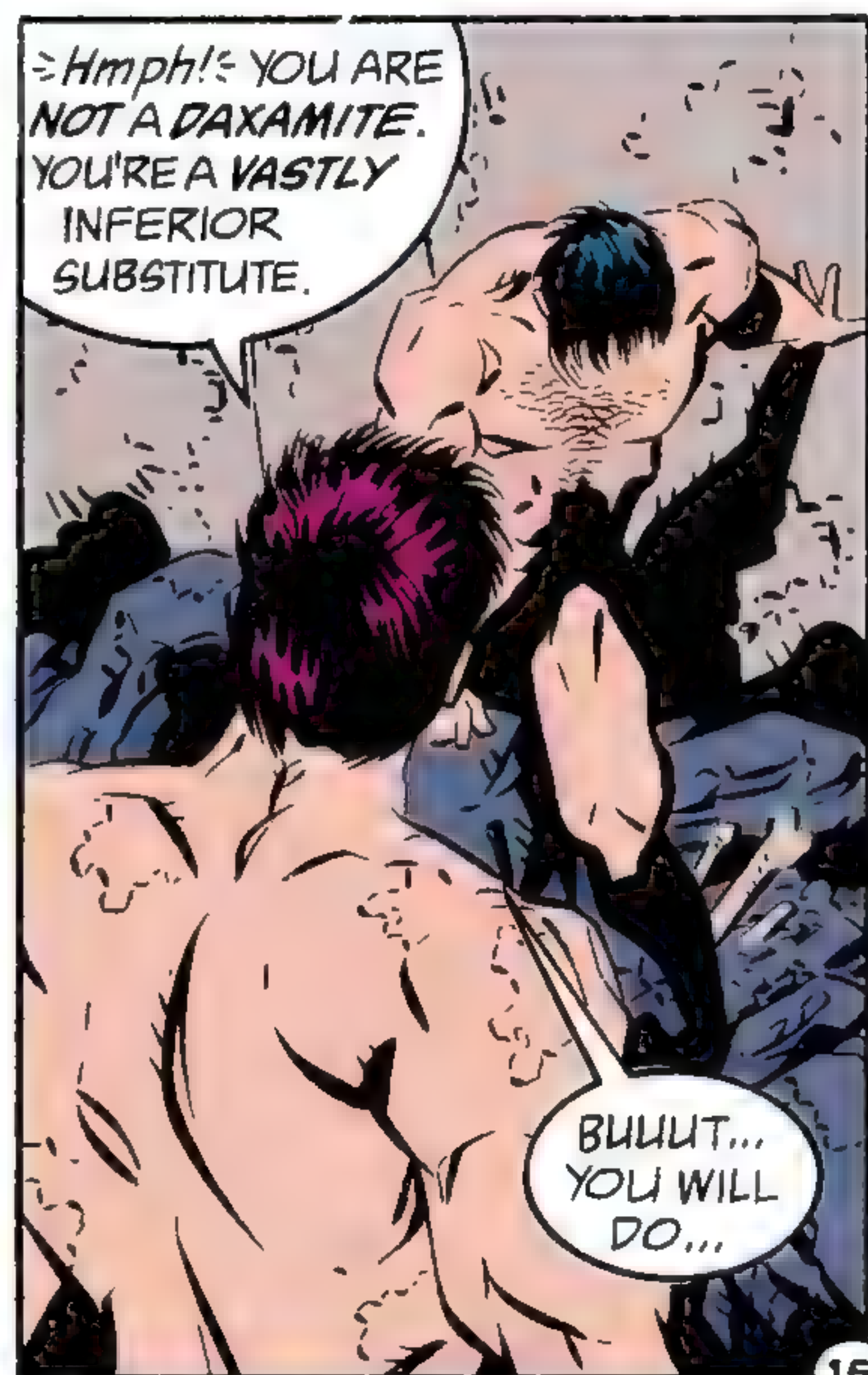
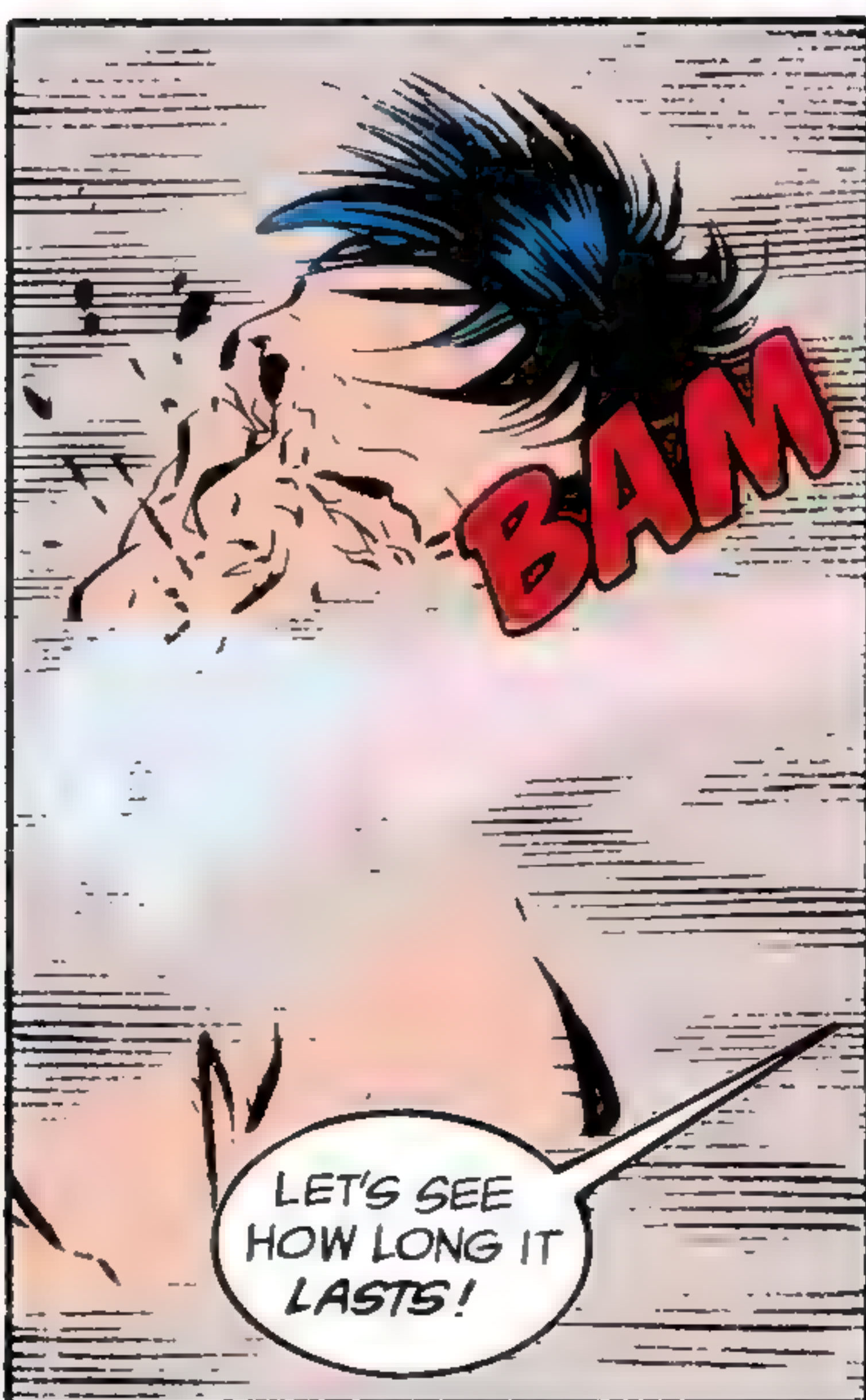
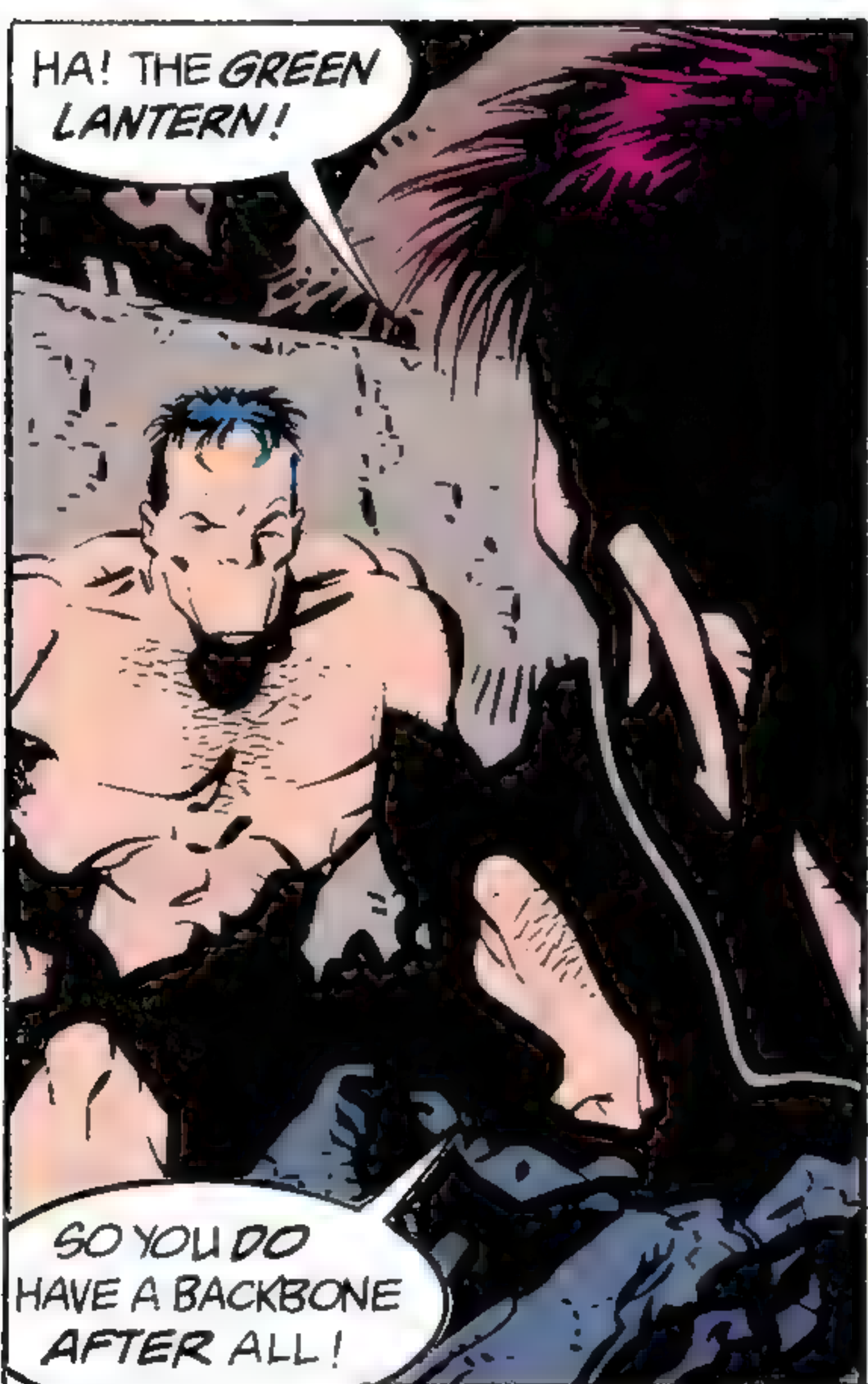
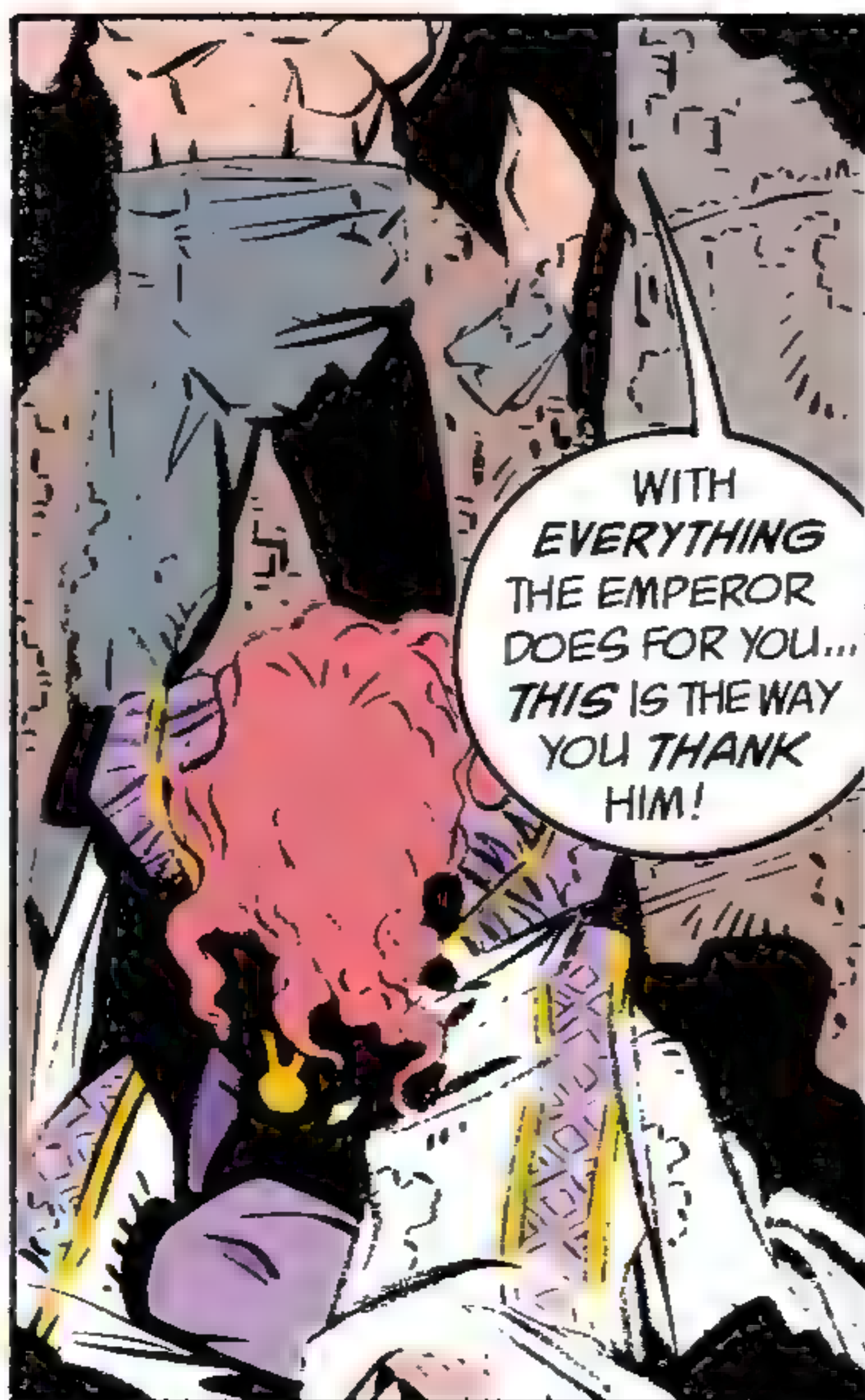
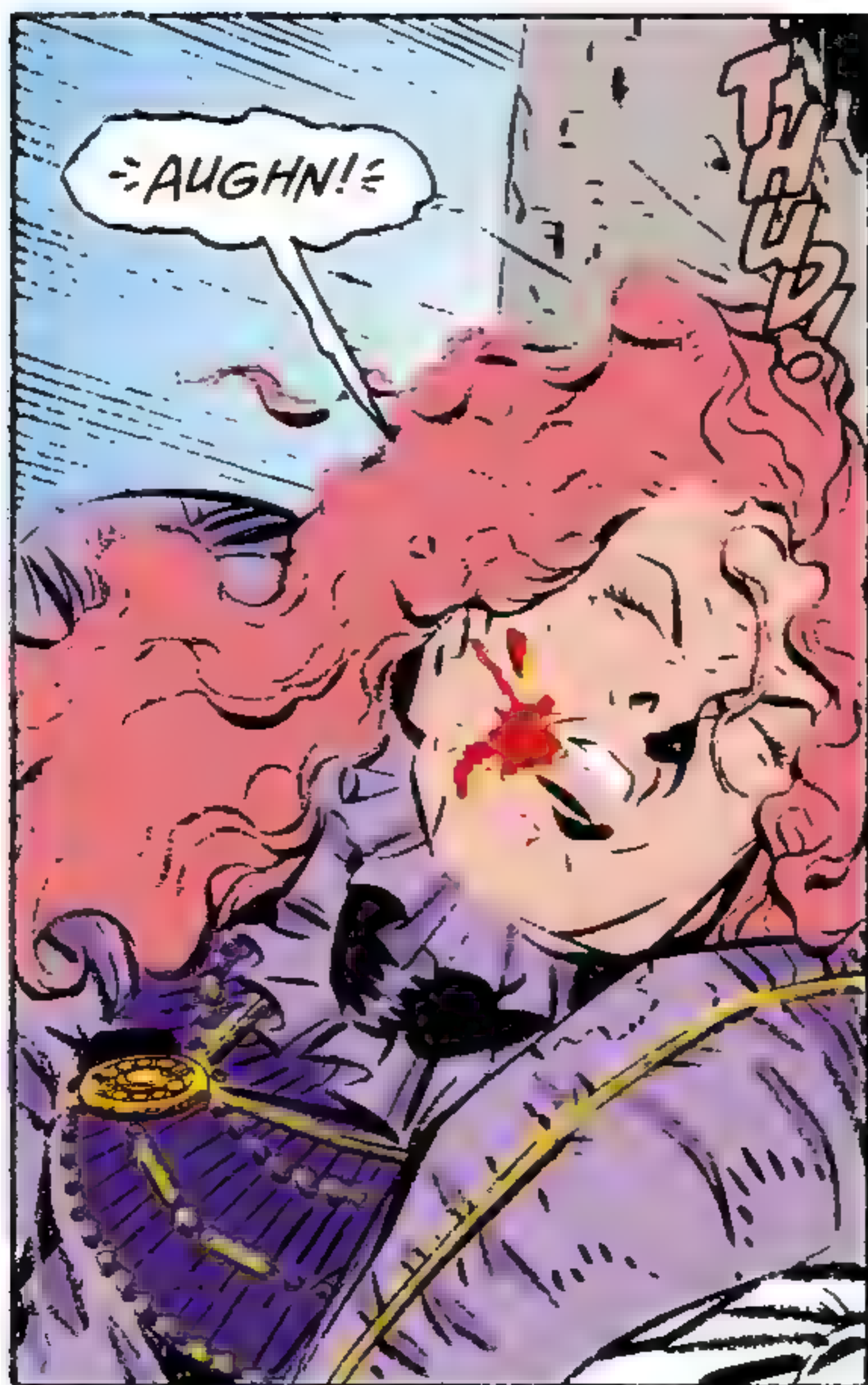
MY KIND OF FEM!

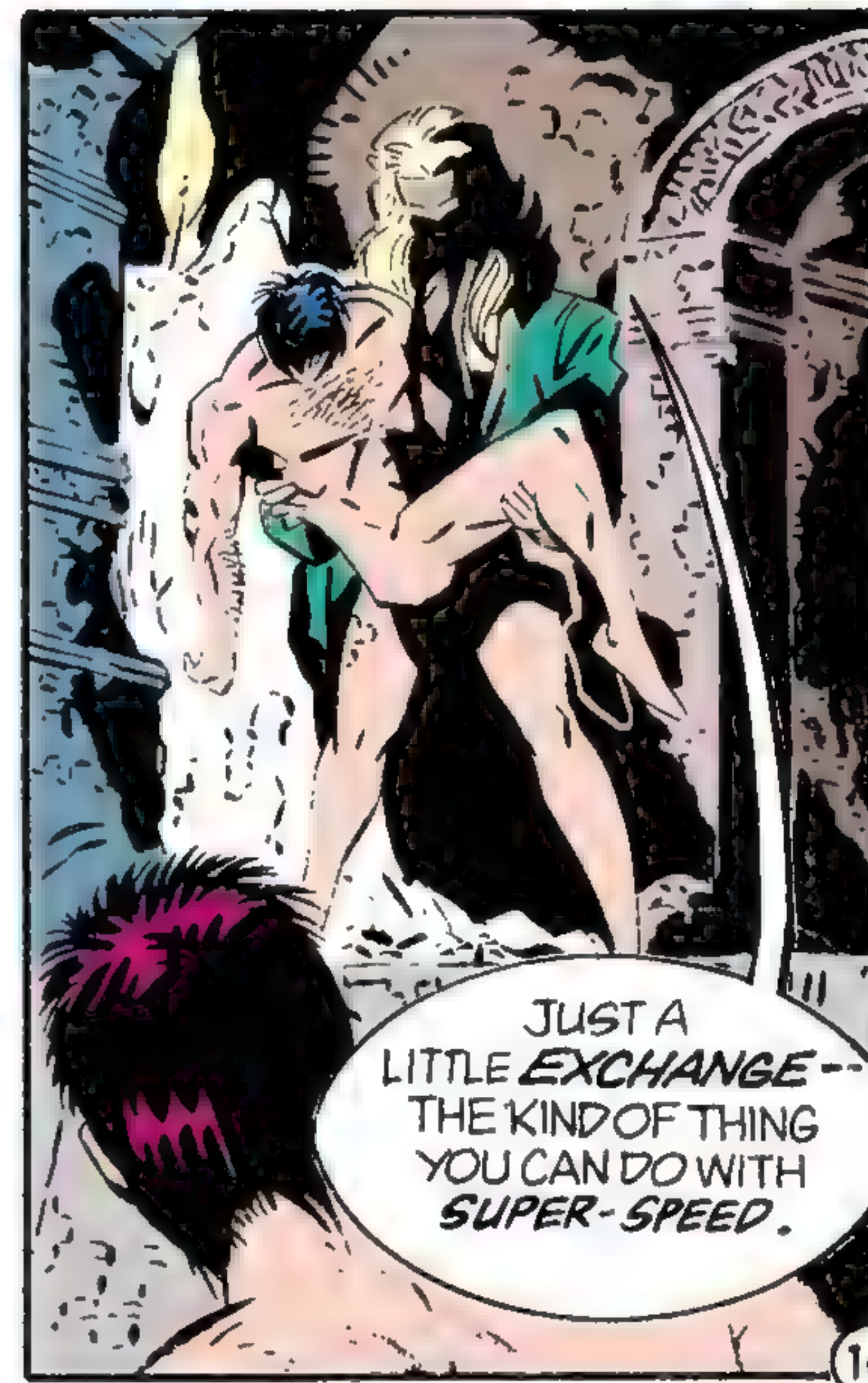
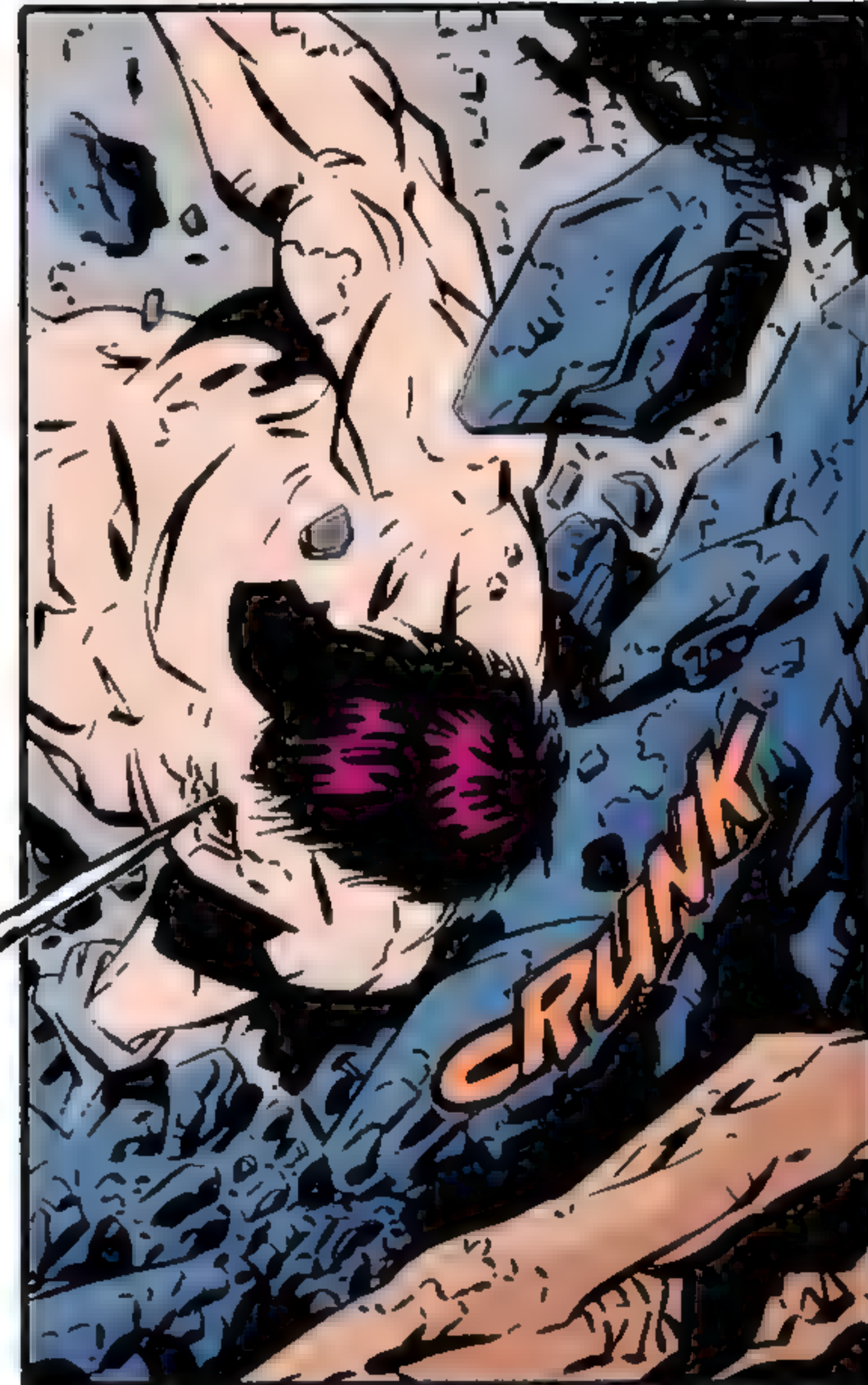
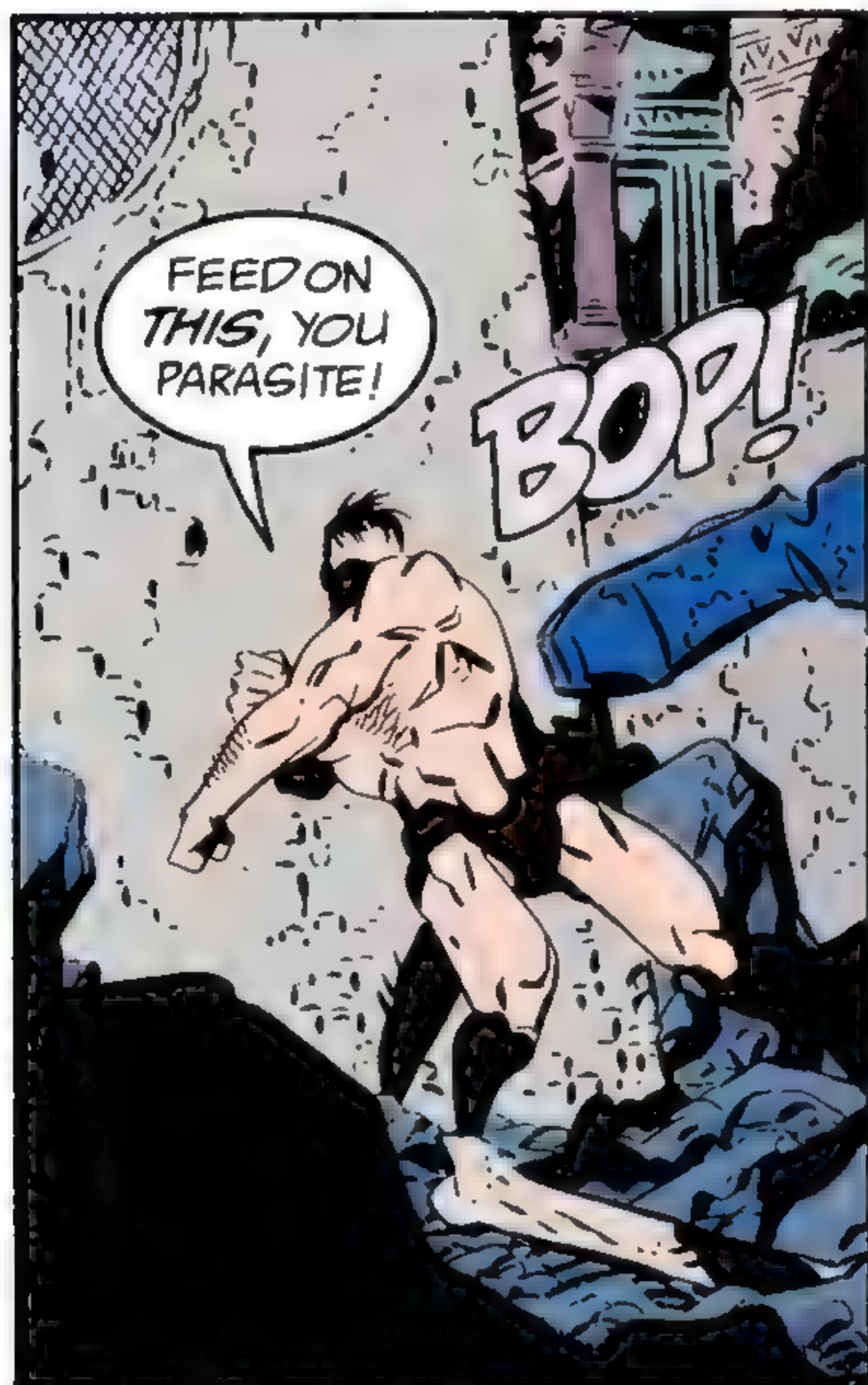
IT SOUNDED LIKE MYSA!

LET'S MOVE IT!



HEY, GUYS? UH... GUYS?







SO IF YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS ANY OTHER **IMPORTANT** DETAILS, KEEP YOUR EYE ON MY **FIST!**

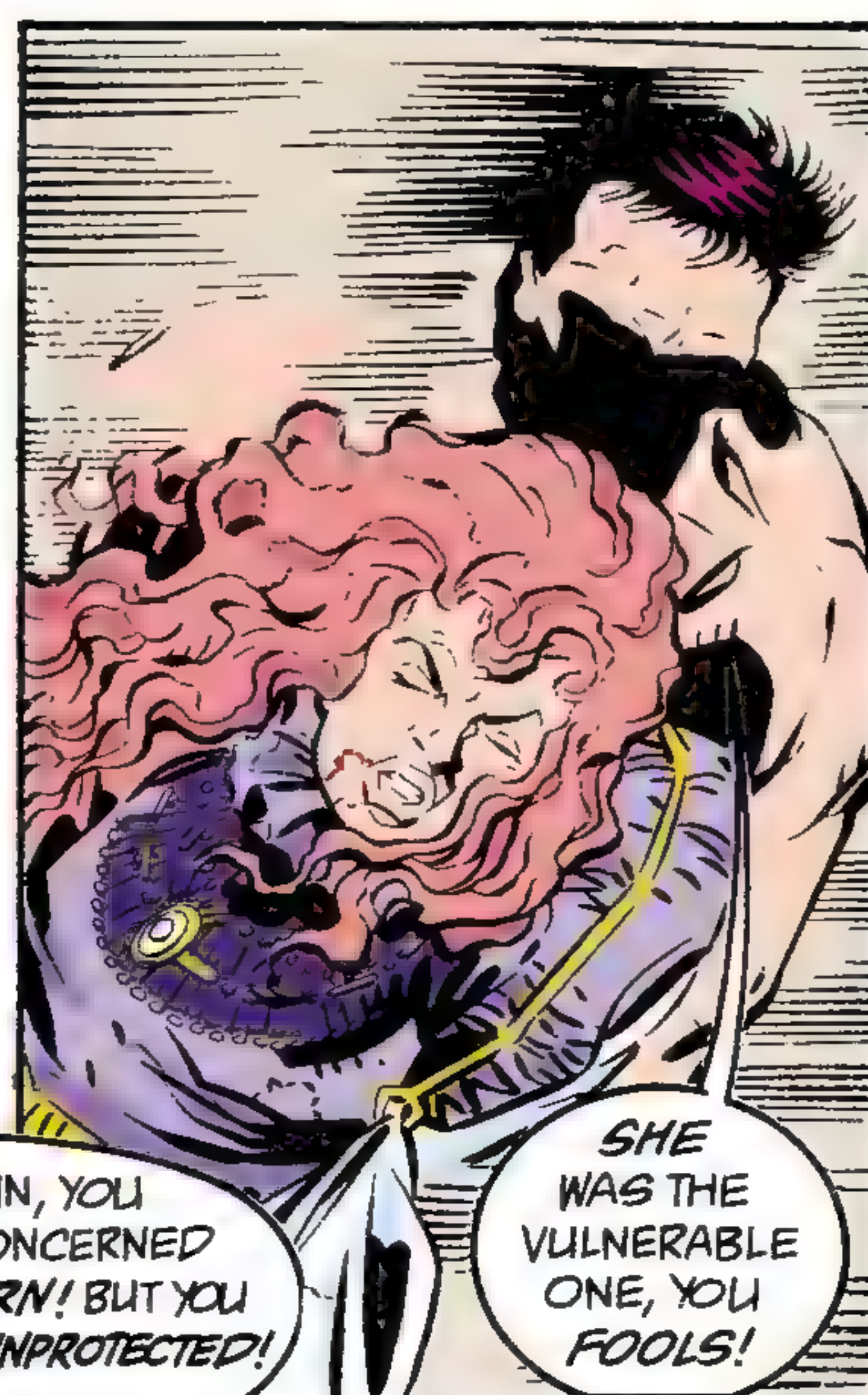
THIS IS TOO MUCH.



DAMN! I COULD TAKE EVERY ONE OF YOU, IF NOT FOR THE OLD FOOL'S **SENILITY**--HIS MORONIC **ORDERS!**

YOU SHOULD ALL BE **MINE!**

BUT ONCE AGAIN, YOU **BLUNDER**--SO CONCERNED ABOUT THE **LANTERN!** BUT YOU LEAVE THE **TROLLOP UNPROTECTED!**



SHE WAS THE **VULNERABLE** ONE, YOU **FOOLS!**



YOU ASSUME THIS IS THE **WHITE WITCH**--

--BUT YOU'RE **WRONG!** MORDRU HAS **CRUSHED** THE **WHITE WITCH**...



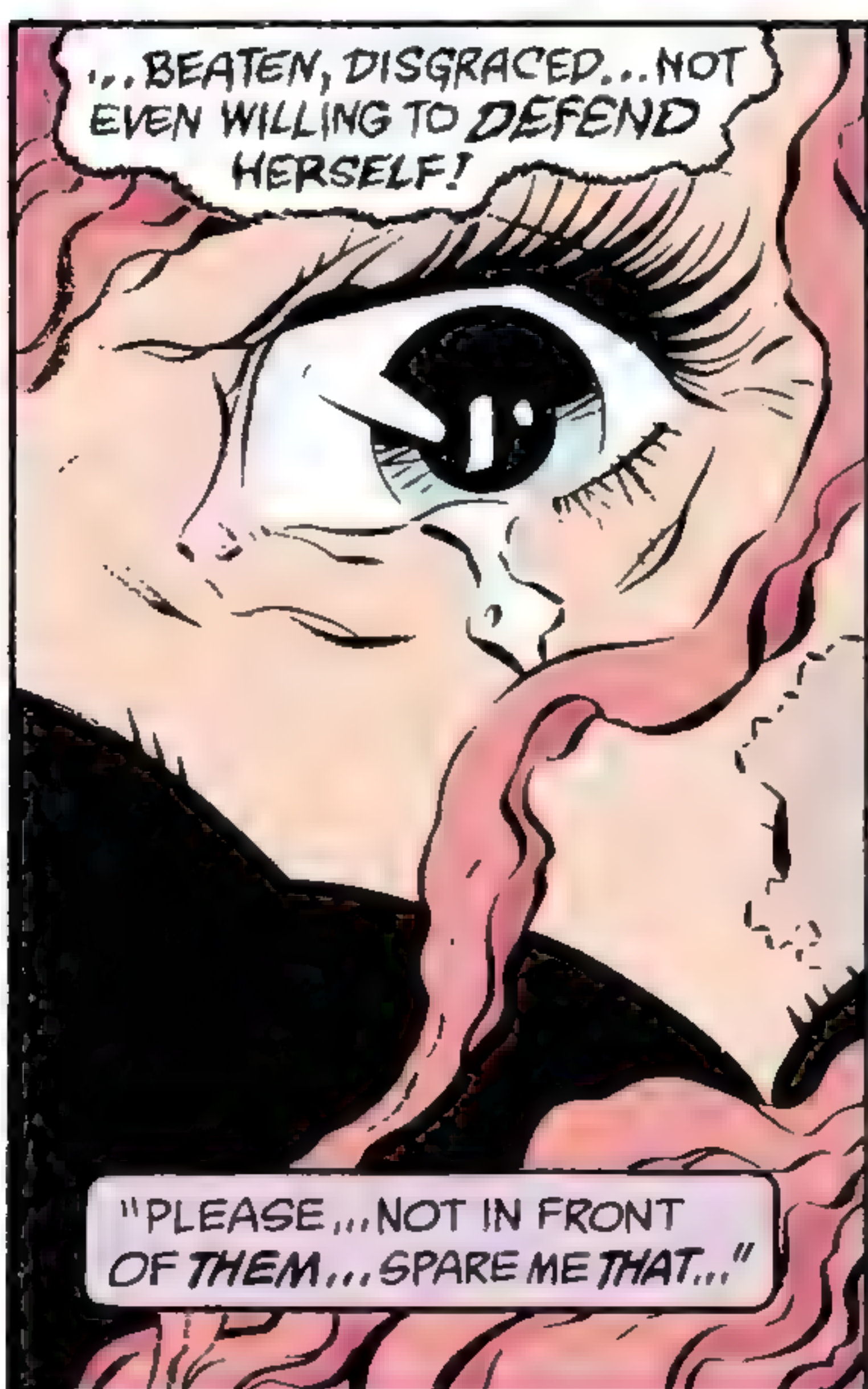
...LEFT **NOTHING** BEHIND BUT THIS **SIMPERING SHELL!**

THAT'S **ENOUGH.** PUT HER DOWN --**NOW!**



ONE MORE STEP... AND I TAKE HER **THROAT** OUT!

EH-EH-EH... LOOK AT HER, **LEGIONNAIRES**... LOOK AT HER...



...BEATEN, DISGRACED... NOT EVEN WILLING TO **DEFEND** HERSELF!

"PLEASE... NOT IN FRONT OF **THEM**... SPARE ME **THAT**..."

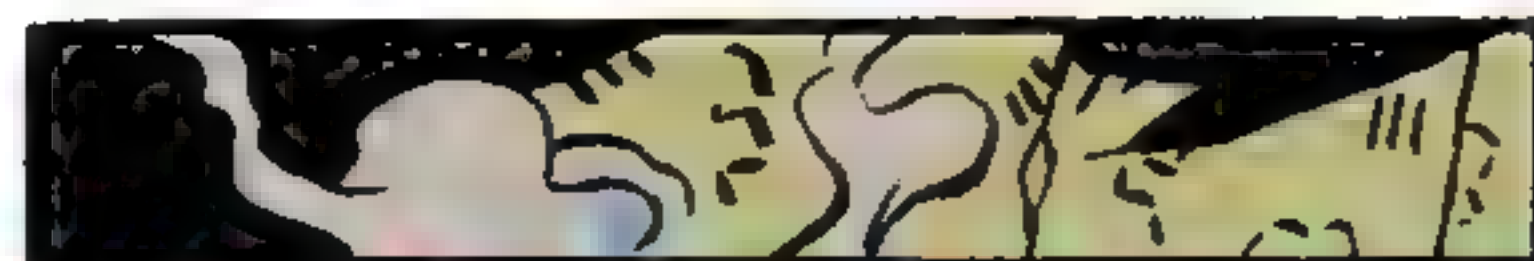
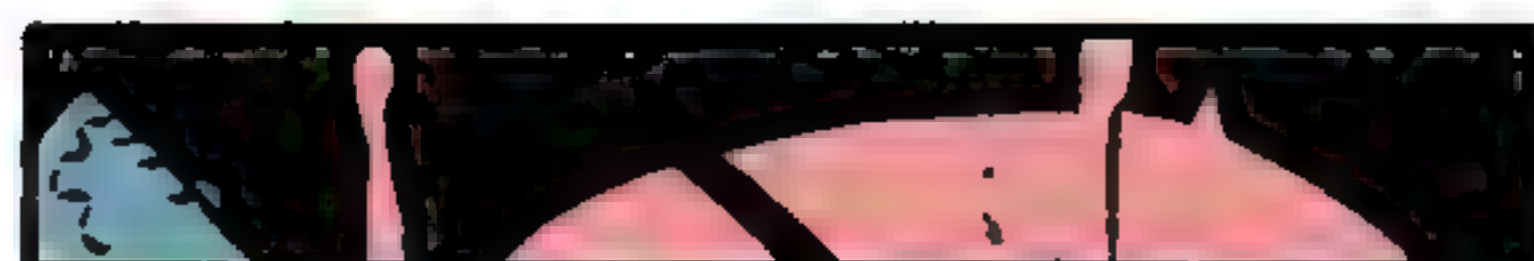


SHE IS NO LONGER ONE OF YOU...!

"NOT IN FRONT OF **THEM**!"

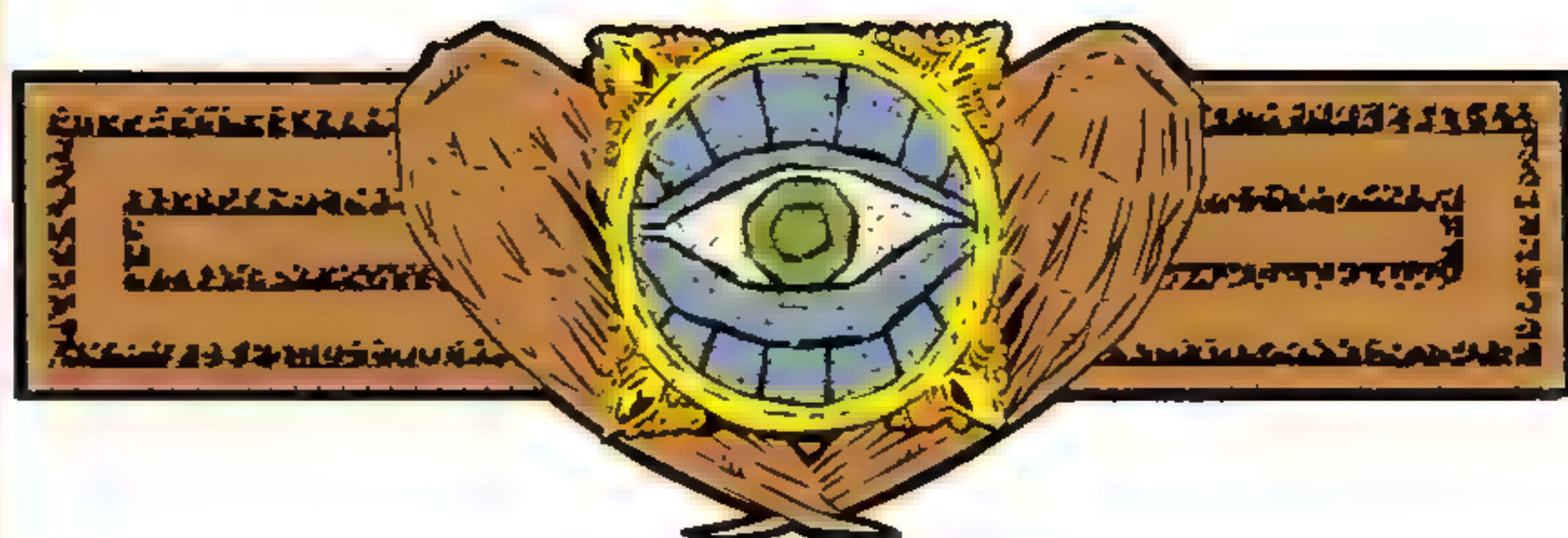
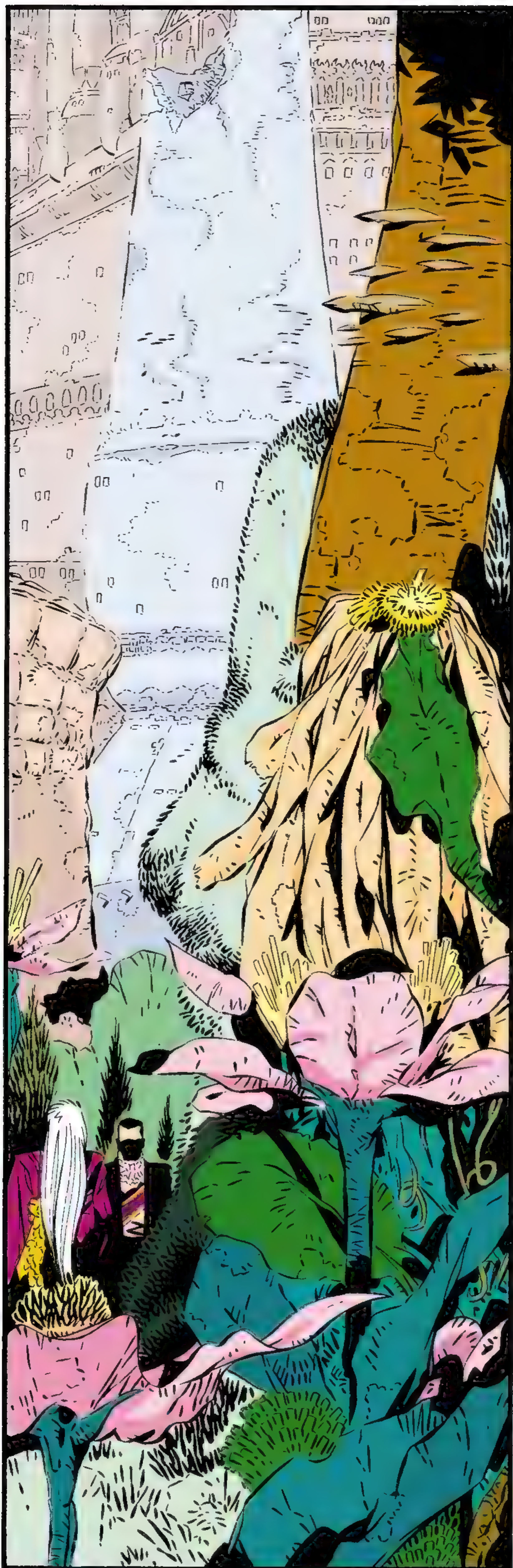


MYSA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?!



A stylized illustration of a blue dragon breathing fire onto a red dragon lying on a rocky ground. The background is yellow with stylized clouds.





Mordru took a tiny sip of brandy. "I *am* prepared to fight for what is mine. I *will* defend my people."

Setting down his brandy untasted, Rokk looked into Mordru's eyes earnestly. "And you know that *we* can't back down. We have to have what we came for."

Mordru gave him a look of irritation. "There has been so much needless bloodshed, so much suffering."

"We've always been prepared, sir, to settle our differences peacefully."

Mordru sighed. "You ask for so much. You ask me to abide the illusion of *weakness*, the suggestion that I might have acted *unjustly*."

Rokk concentrated to maintain his stare into Mordru's eyes. The trademark sparkle was flickering out. The dull look of resignation, of compromise, was taking its place. Rokk knew the feeling well.

"Yes, this is difficult for you, sir, but you can't afford to give the Legionnaires, *or* the universe, a collection of martyrs right now. An understanding between us is possible, sir. We can *avoid* that final battle, a fight neither of us is ready for . . . a fight neither of us can win."

Mordru smiled playfully. "*That* remains to be seen."

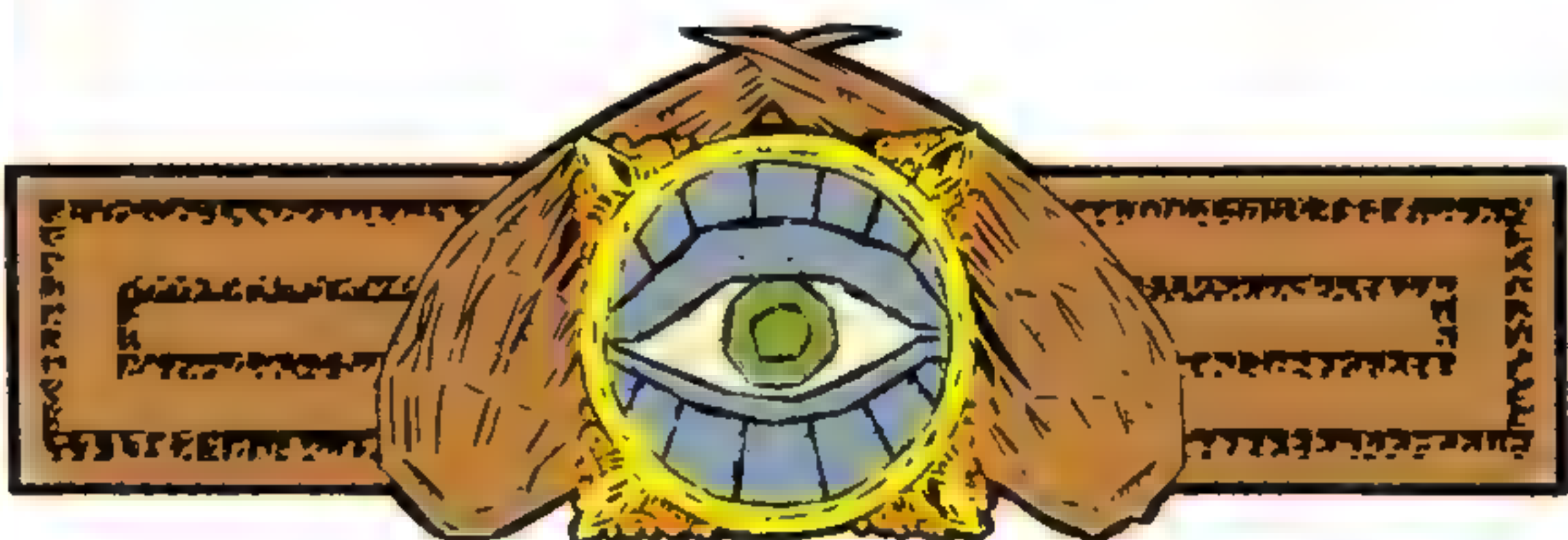
"No, sir, you're nowhere near full power. You've got the Khunds to deal with, a planet to control. And there's always Glorith . . . You can't afford to go to war now."

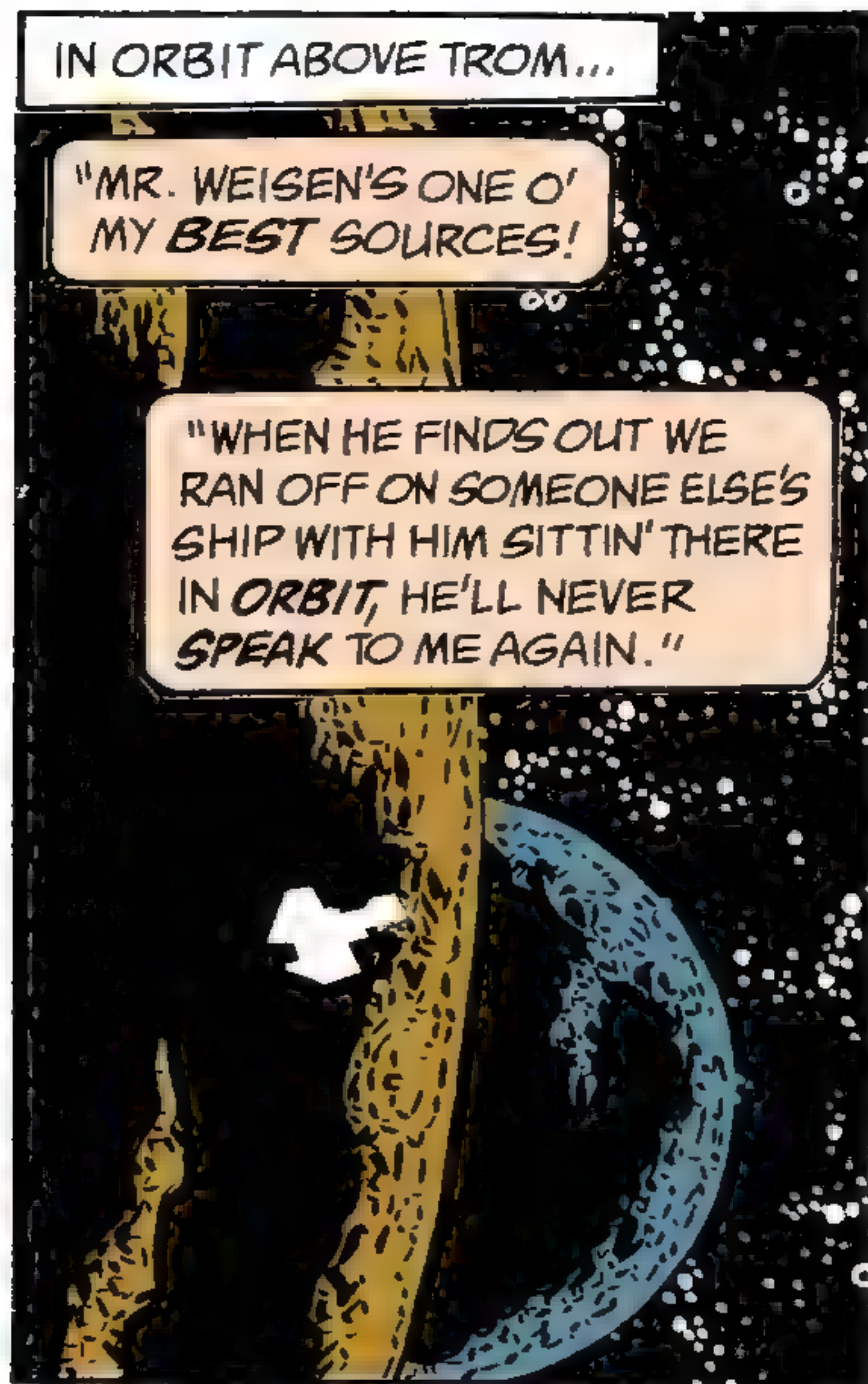
Mordru stared into the evening sky for a few seconds and drew a deep breath. "If I release my beloved Mysa to you, if I free the Green Lantern, will you leave peacefully?"

"You have my word."

Mordru turned to Rokk and studied him. "*An enigma. A worthy opponent—one who's remained true to everything I compromised to achieve my power. A combination that can't exist. And yet, there he is.*"

"So be it."

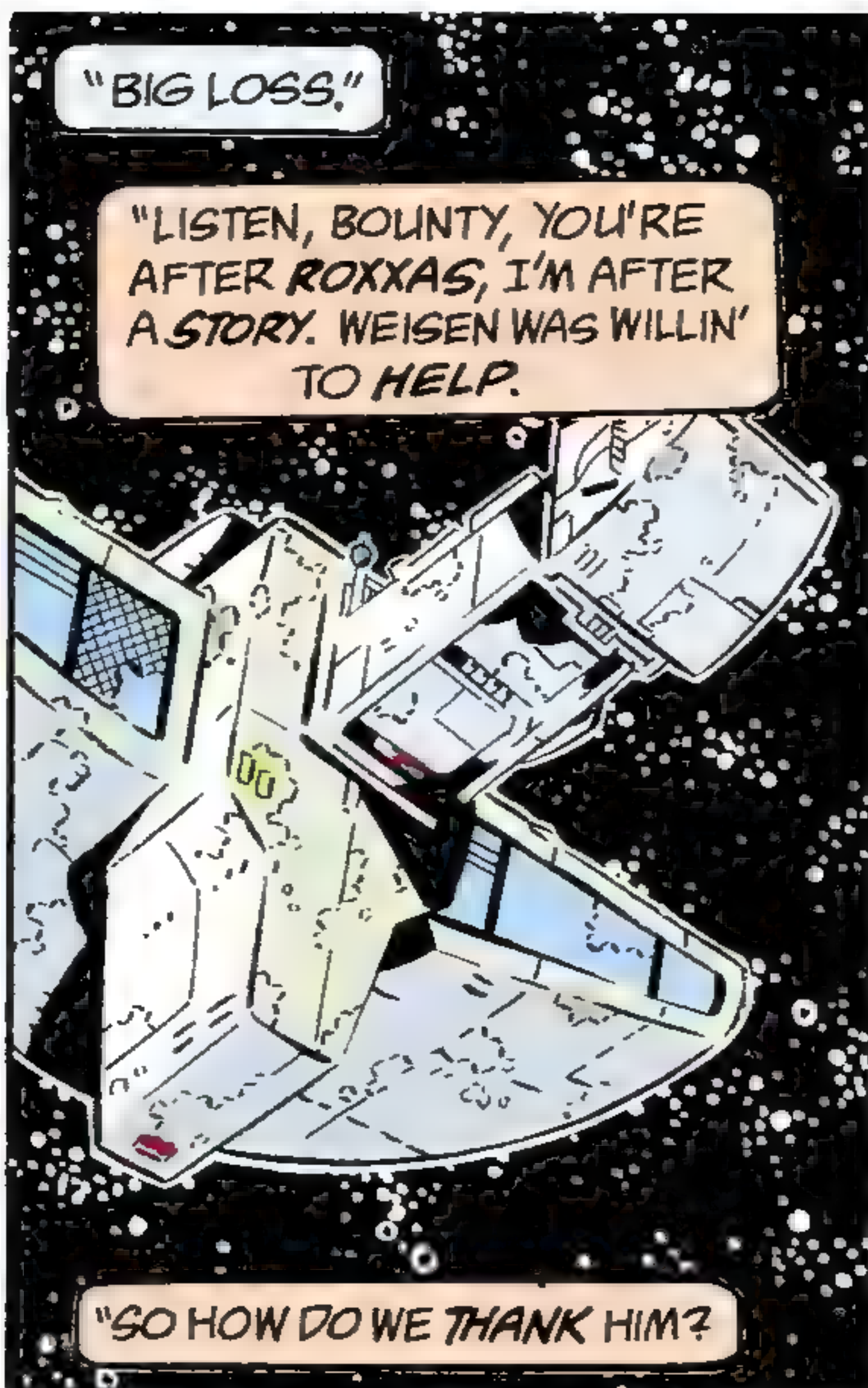




IN ORBIT ABOVE TROM...

"MR. WEISEN'S ONE O' MY **BEST** SOURCES!"

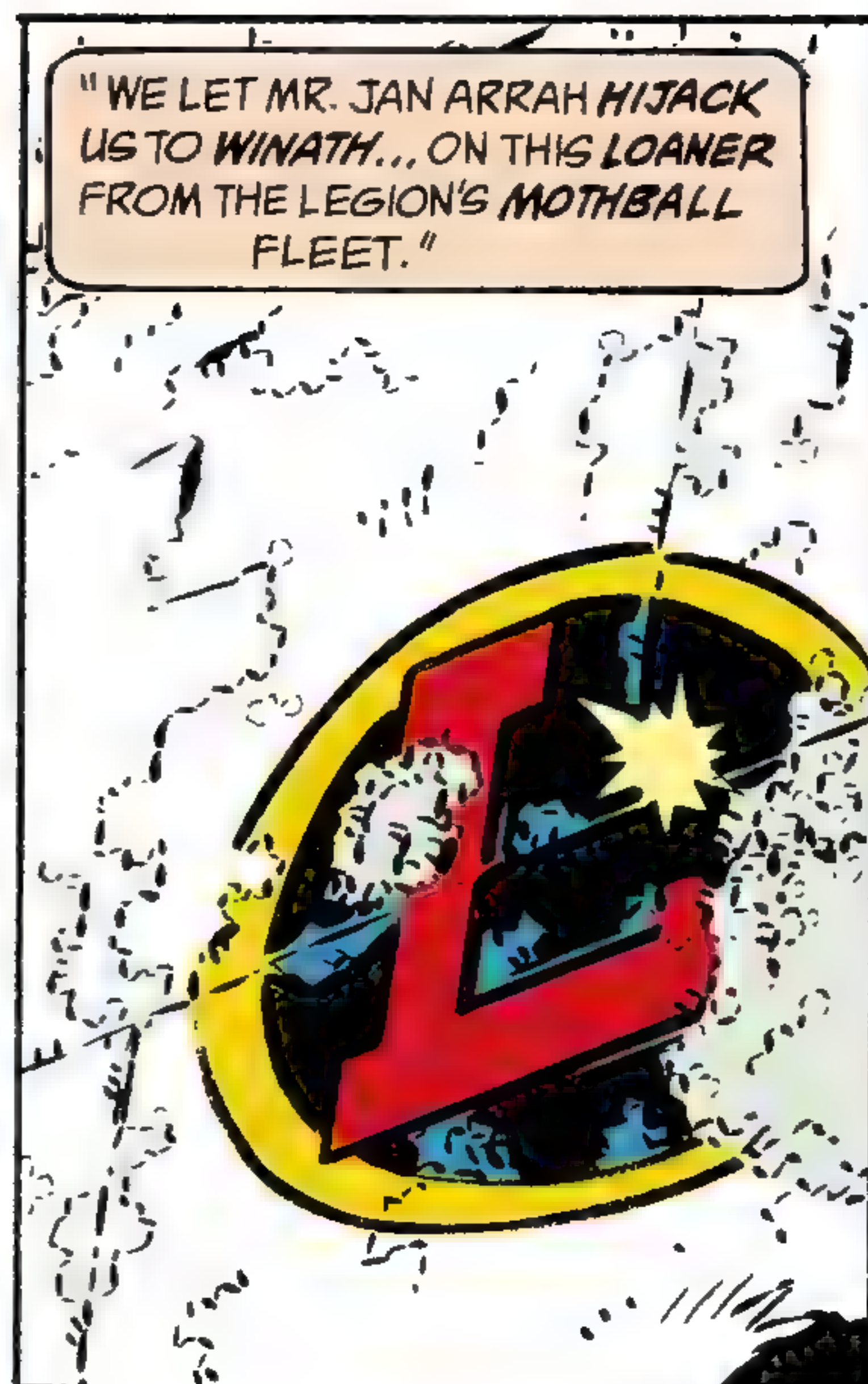
"WHEN HE FINDS OUT WE RAN OFF ON SOMEONE ELSE'S SHIP WITH HIM SITTIN' THERE IN **ORBIT**, HE'LL NEVER **SPEAK** TO ME AGAIN."



"BIG LOSS."

"LISTEN, BOUNTY, YOU'RE AFTER **ROXXAS**, I'M AFTER A **STORY**. WEISEN WAS WILLIN' TO **HELP**."

"SO HOW DO WE **THANK** HIM?"



"WE LET MR. JAN ARRAH **HIJACK** US TO **WINATH**... ON THIS **LOANER** FROM THE **LEGION'S** **MOTHBALL** **FLEET**."



AN' I **PROMISED** MR. WEISEN HE'D BE **IN** ON THIS ONE ALL THE **WAY**...

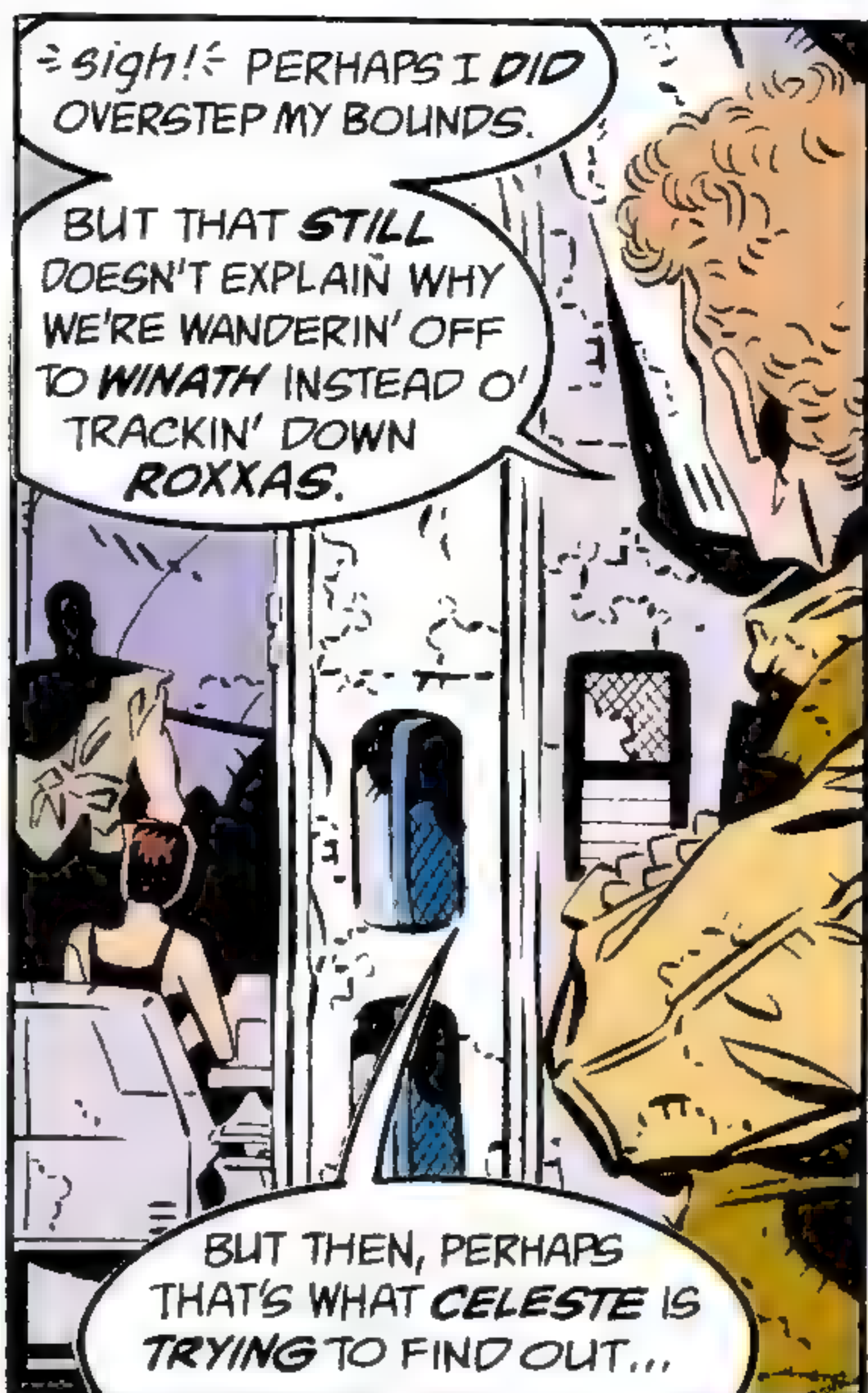
...I GAVE HIM MY **WORD**.



ONE THING YA **CAN'T** DO IS **BREAK** YOUR **WORD**!

THEN YOU SHOULDN'T **PROMISE** WHAT YOU **CAN'T** **DELIVER**.

WE NEVER GAVE OUR **WORD**.



= sigh! = PERHAPS I **DID** OVERSTEP MY **BOUNDS**.

BUT THAT **STILL** DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY WE'RE **WANDERIN'** OFF TO **WINATH** INSTEAD O' **TRACKIN'** DOWN **ROXXAS**.

BUT THEN, PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT **CELESTE** IS **TRYING** TO **FIND** OUT...



YOU KNOW, JAN, **EARTHGOV** DIDN'T **HIRE** US TO **PAY** OUR **RESPECTS** TO **BLOK**--

--THEY **HIRED** US TO **FIND** HIS **KILLER**.

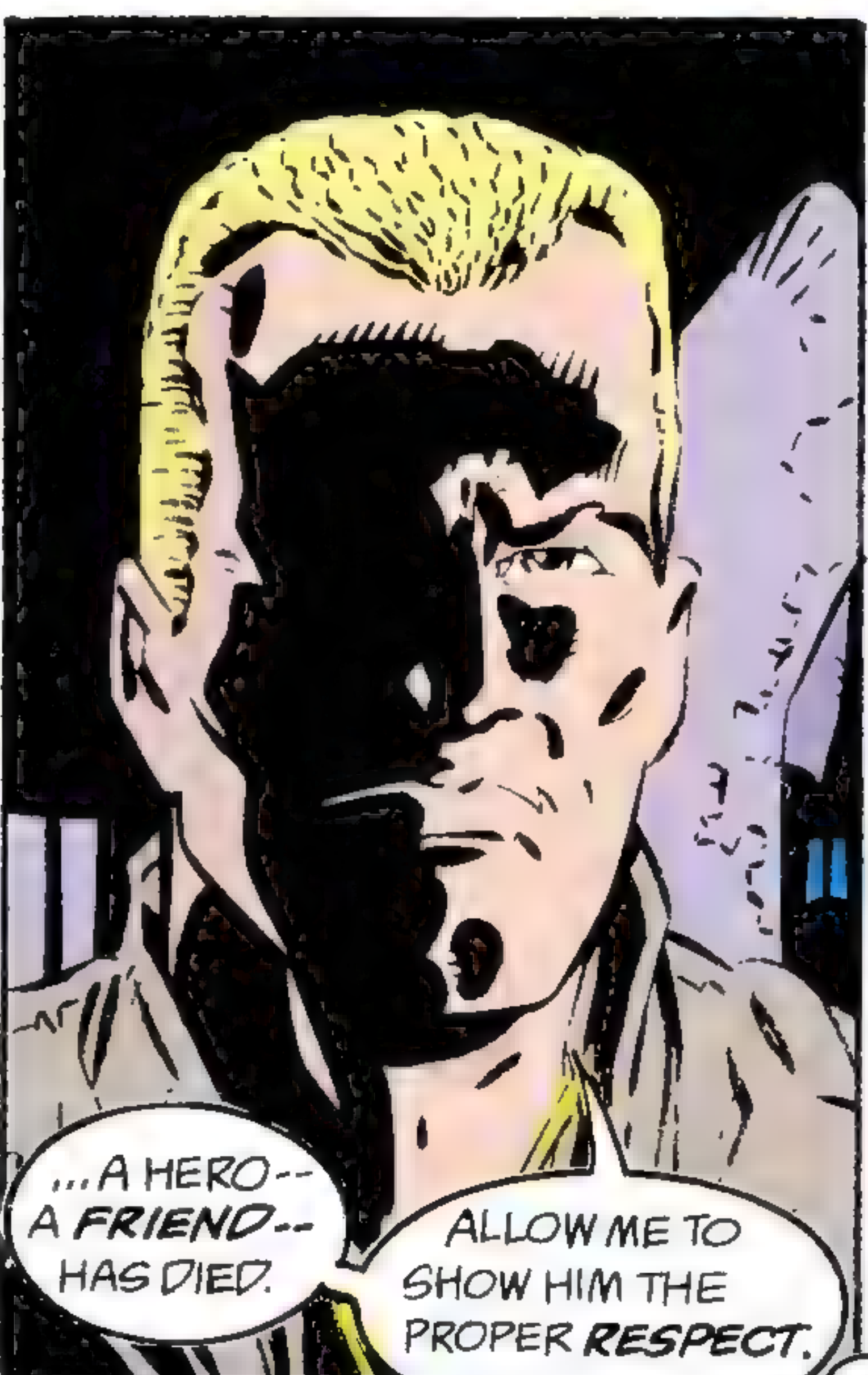


WINATH IS AS LOGICAL A PLACE AS **ANY** TO **START** **LOOKING**.

WINATH?

THAT'S WHERE HE SENT THE **BODY**, ISN'T IT?

BUT THAT'S NOT THE **POINT**...



...A **HERO**-- A **FRIEND**-- HAS **DIED**.

ALLOW ME TO **SHOW** HIM THE **PROPER** **RESPECT**.



"SO THEY FOUGHT ME TO A DRAW. THEY GET THE LANTERN, AND MYSA AND I GET PRECIOUS TIME.

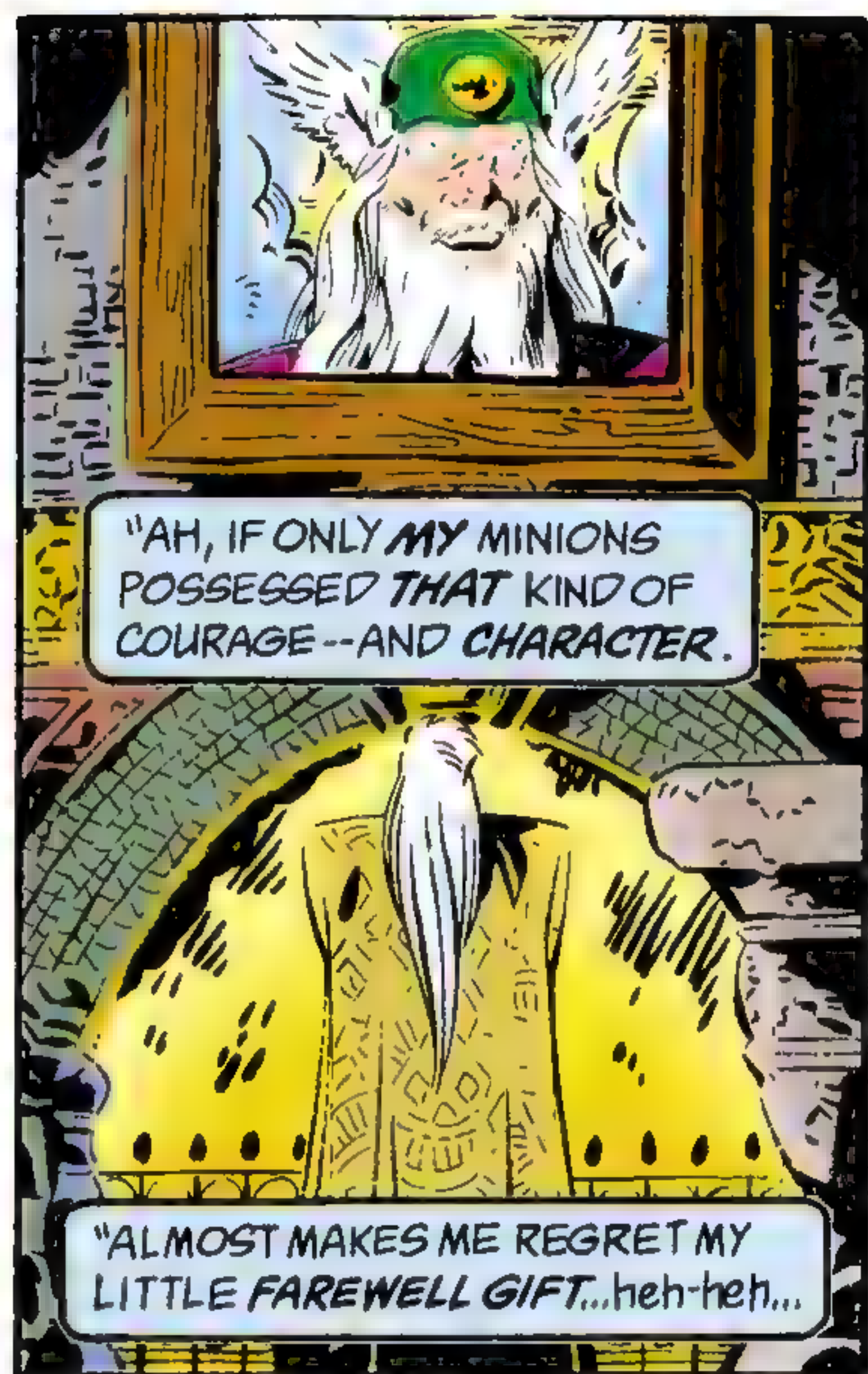
"A FAIR TRADE, I SUPPOSE.



"BUT THIS BUSINESS OF COMPROMISING...

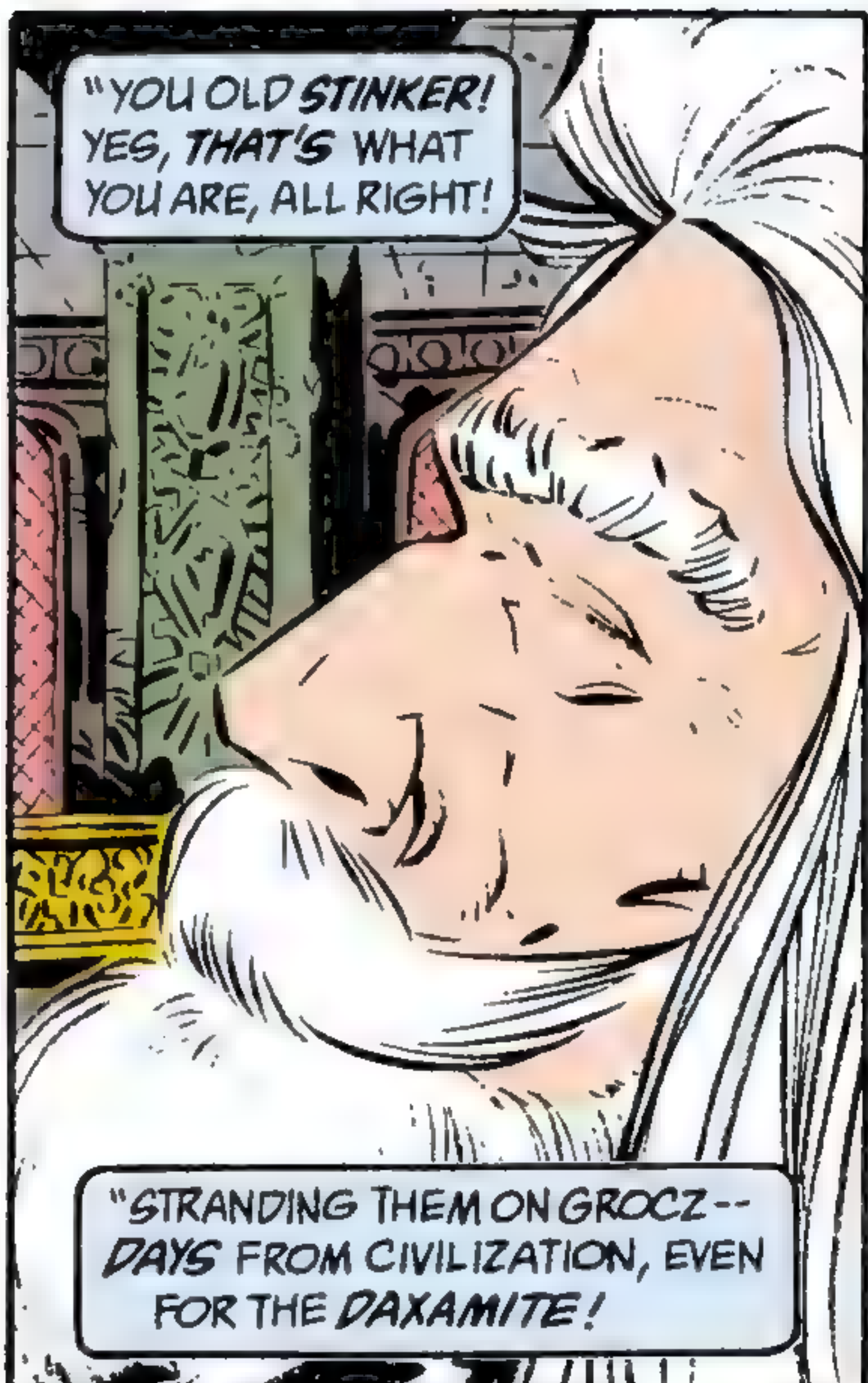
"...I MUST CONFESS, THAT ROKK KRINN LAD WAS A REVELATION!

"HOW CAN ONE BE SO POWERLESS, AND YET BE THE MOST POWERFUL OF THEM ALL?



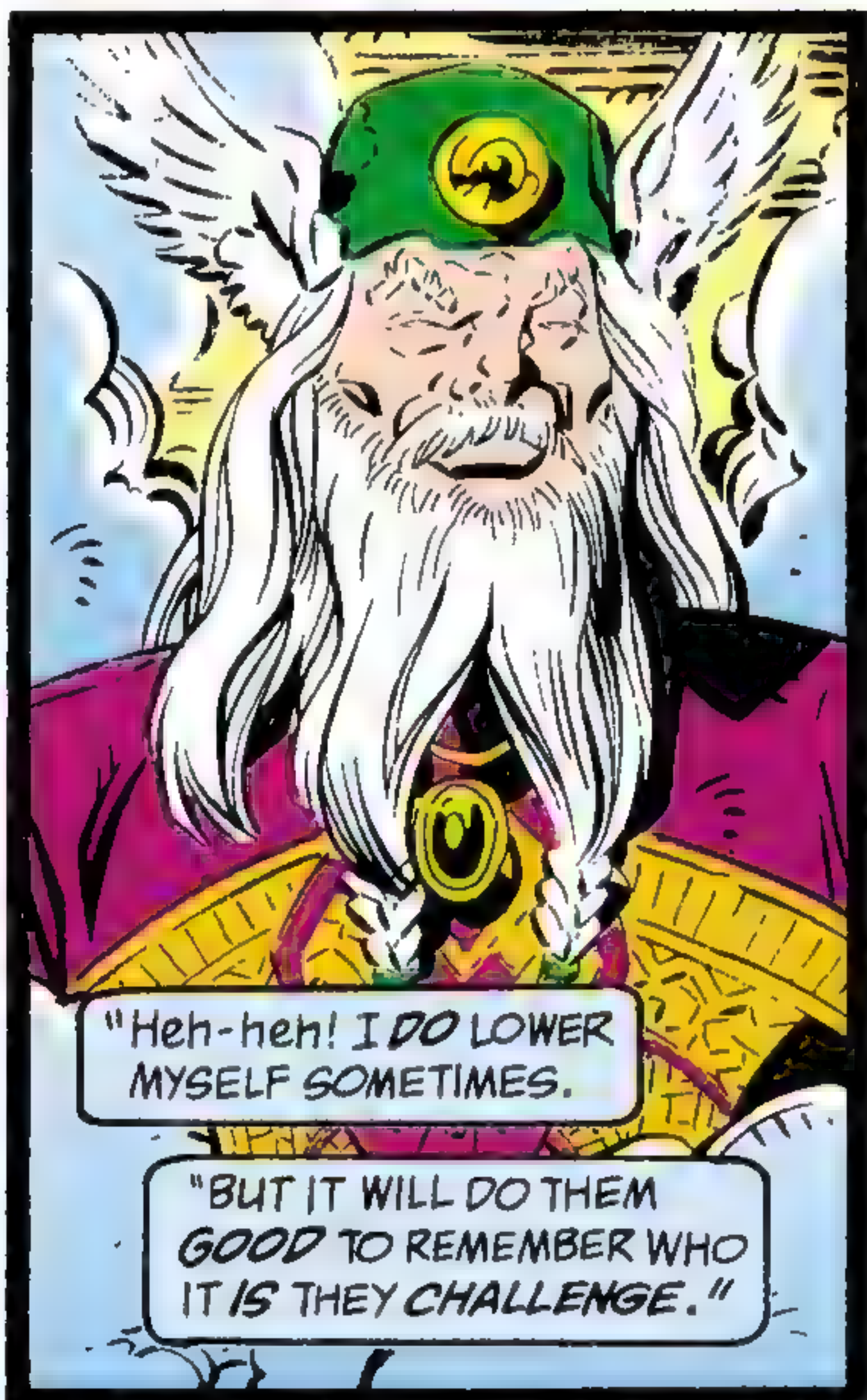
"AH, IF ONLY MY MINIONS POSSESSED THAT KIND OF COURAGE--AND CHARACTER.

"ALMOST MAKES ME REGRET MY LITTLE FAREWELL GIFT...heh-heh...



"YOU OLD STINKER! YES, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, ALL RIGHT!

"STRANDING THEM ON GROCZ-- DAYS FROM CIVILIZATION, EVEN FOR THE DAXAMITE!



"Heh-heh! I DO LOWER MYSELF SOMETIMES.

"BUT IT WILL DO THEM GOOD TO REMEMBER WHO IT IS THEY CHALLENGE."



E-EXCUSE ME, MY LORD, BUT THE DARK PRIESTESS...SH-SHE SAYS VRYKOS CAN BE SAVED.

AH! VERY GOOD. AND IF THAT IS ALL...

YES, YES!

...PLEASE LEAVE ME WITH MY THOUGHTS.

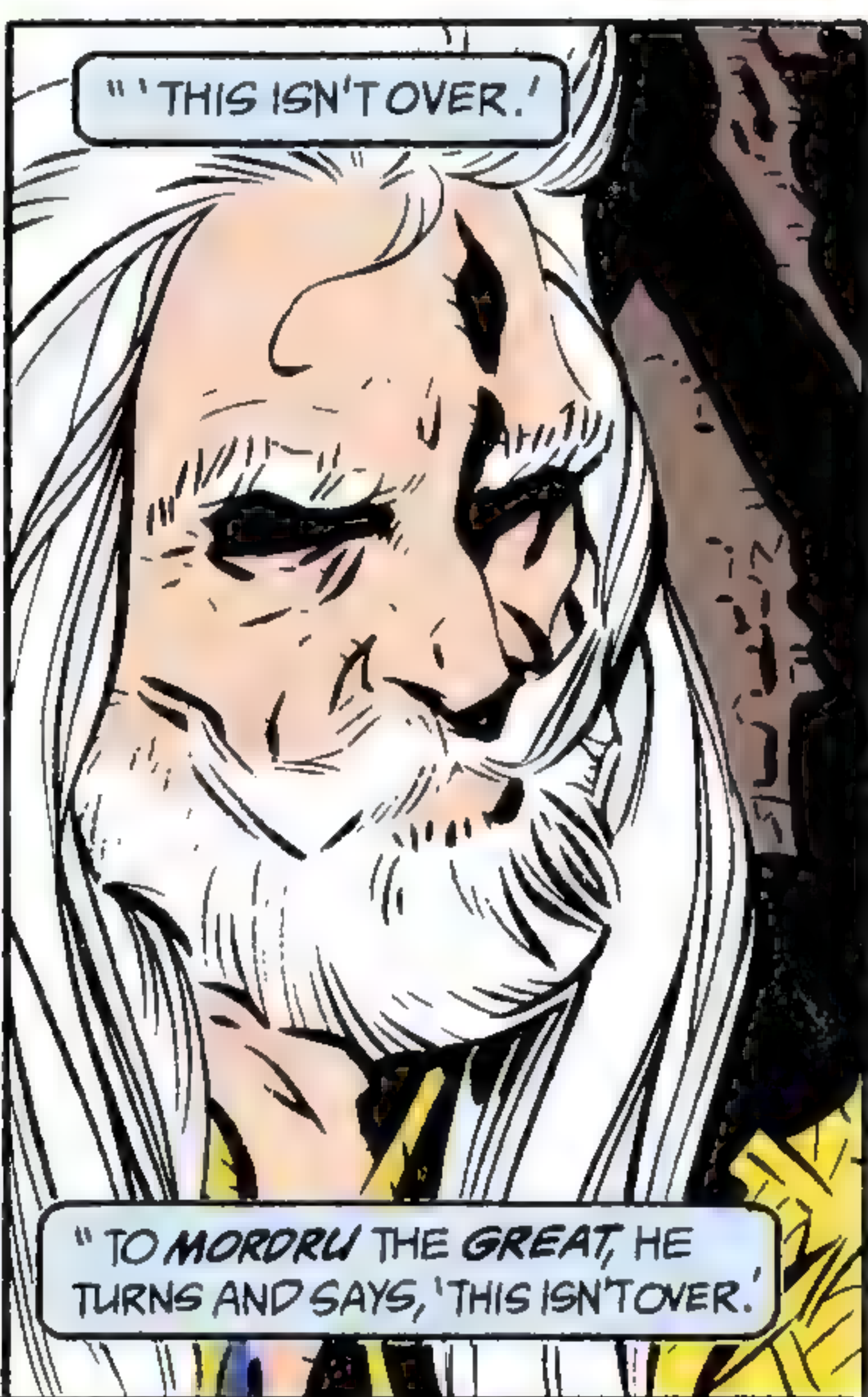


YES, LORD EMPEROR.

"HMMM...THE MEMORIES OF THIS DAY--THEY WILL NOT FADE QUICKLY...

"...ESPECIALLY OF ROKK KRINN.

"HIS YOUTHFUL BRAVADO... HIS BOLD PARTING WORDS...



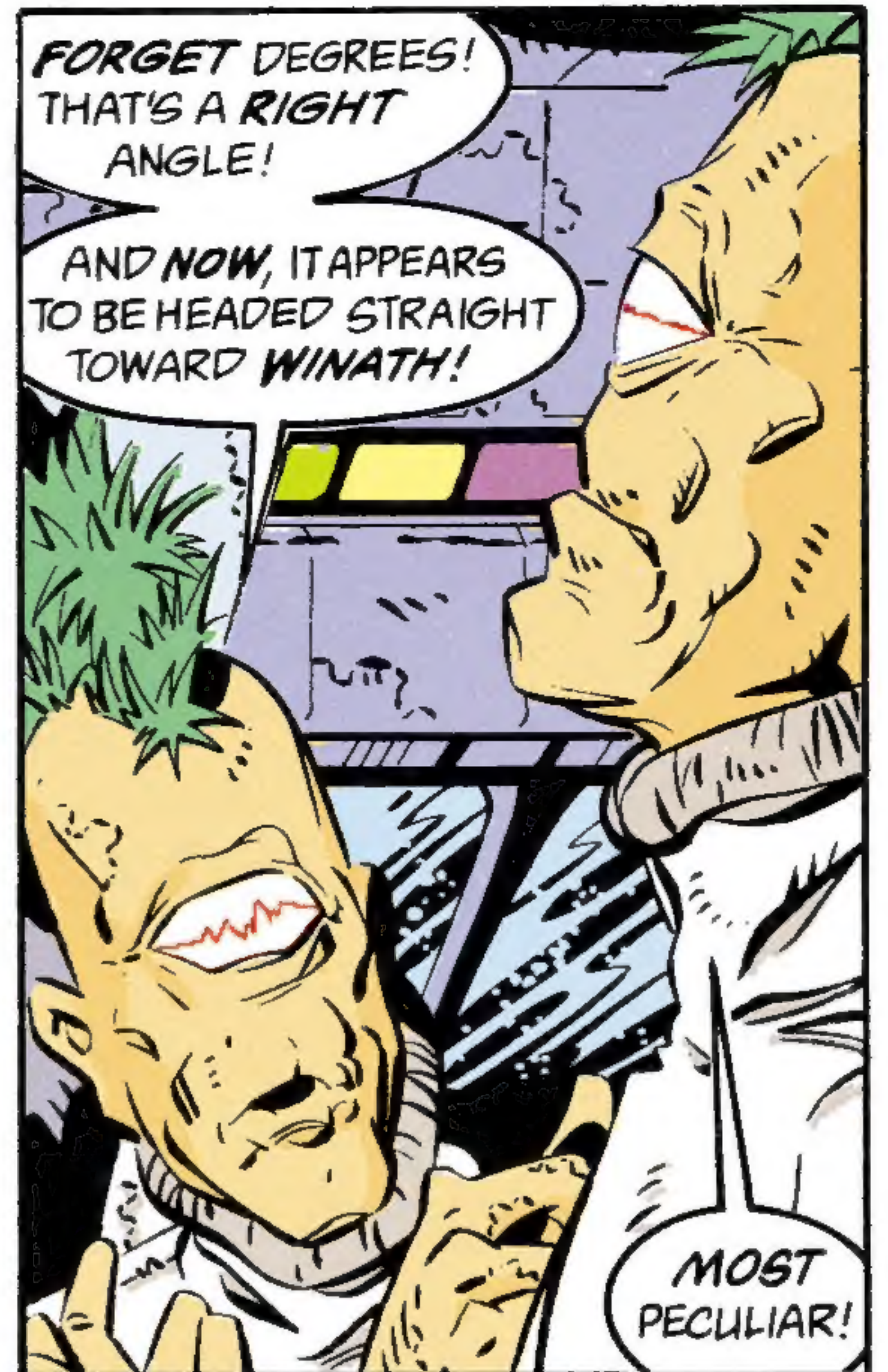
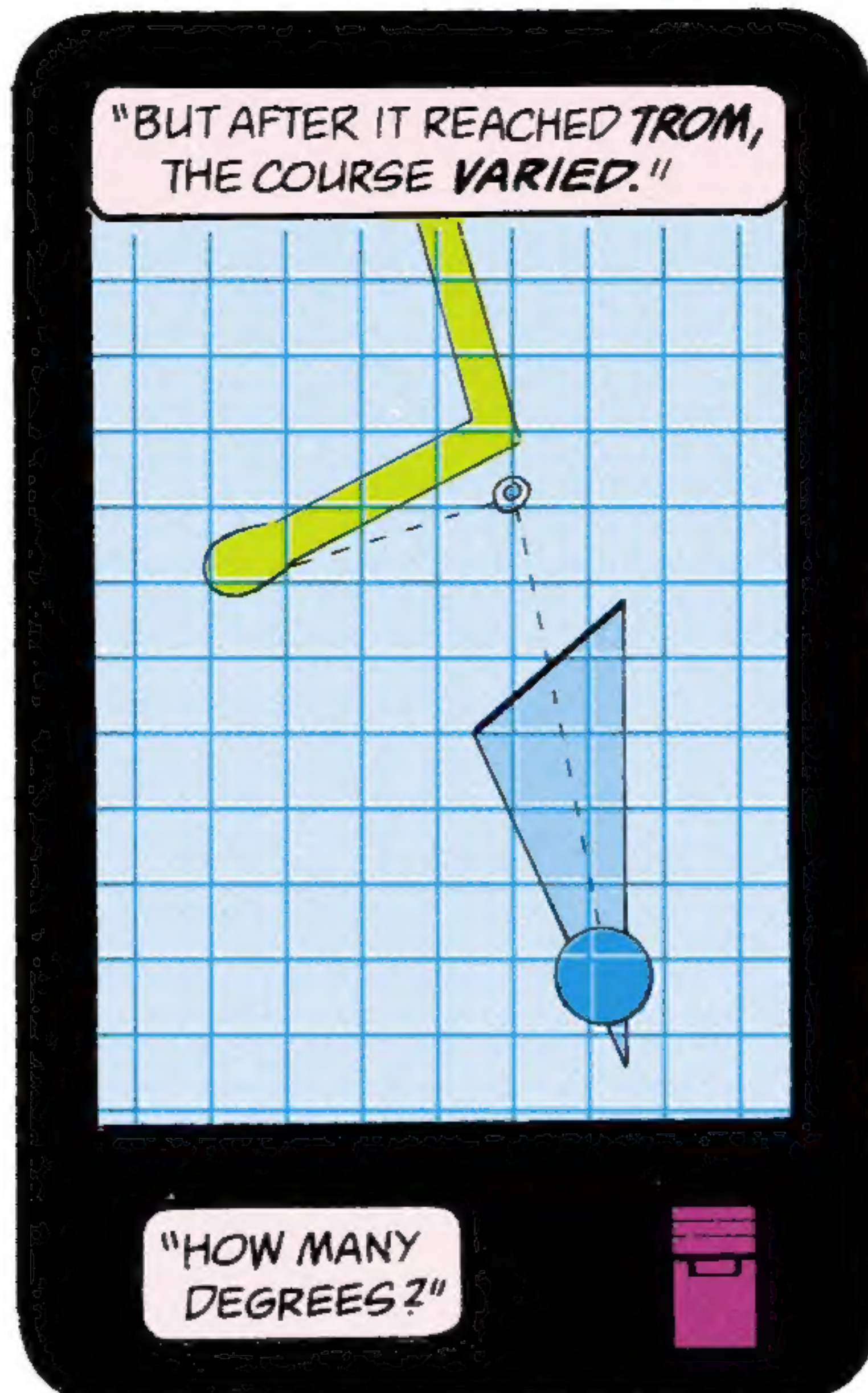
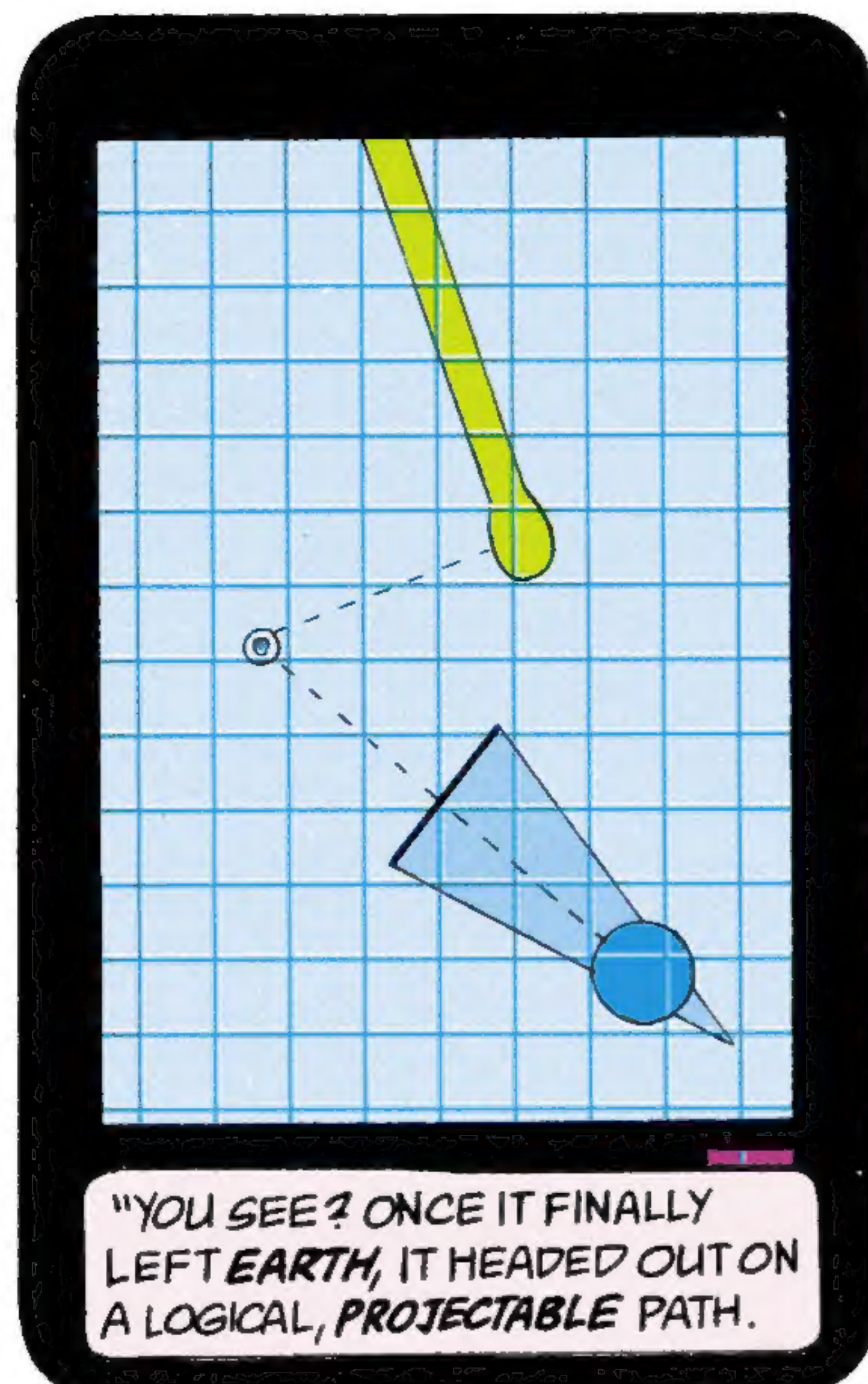
"THIS ISN'T OVER."

"TO MORDRU THE GREAT, HE TURNS AND SAYS, 'THIS ISN'T OVER.'"

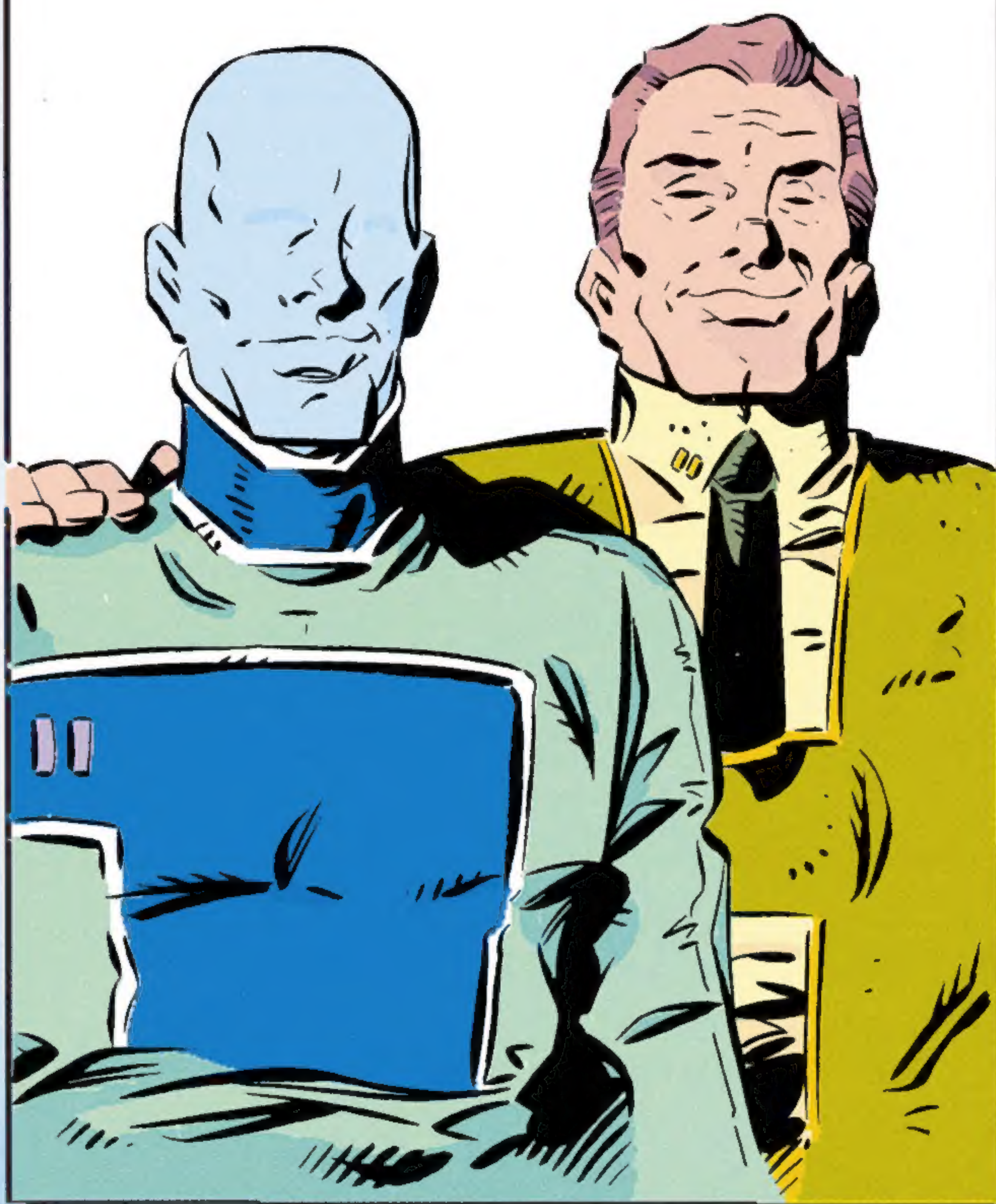


"YES, MY DEAR LEGIONNAIRES, IT ISN'T OVER.

"AND I'D BE SO DISAPPOINTED IF IT WERE."



**Meet My
New
Best Friend.**



ProbeTek's New ProbeCB sxf350 and ProbeCB sxm350

Now, more than ever . . .



**"The Best Friend
An Executive
Ever Had."**

I'm former Earthgov President Mojil Desai, and I know how important a state-of-the-art ProbeCB can be to a busy executive on the go.

Know what? The state of the art just got better.

ProbeTek has introduced the sxf350 and sxm350 models. More memory, faster processing, and the iron-clad security against interception and misidentification *you* asked for.

I can still remember when people balked at ProbeCB technology, but in today's challenging business climate, they've truly become a way of life.

And a busy executive never had it so good. Now ProbeTek is programming the latest generation of ProbeCB with a full knowledge and appreciation of the arts and humanities! My best worker has now become my most stimulating discussion partner!



What Is A ProbeCB?

What? You still haven't added a ProbeCB to your corporate team?

Well, let me introduce you to what you're missing.

A ProbeCB is a biologically grown humanoid, genetically designed to exchange messages and data with any ProbeCB you choose to network with.

Our Lab on Titan has produced the most powerful telepaths in the free worlds. But they're now *absolutely secure*—biologically incapable of invading human thoughts. They're completely safeguarded, so only the information you *choose* to send gets sent, and only to those who are *supposed* to get it.

But the ProbeCB are also genetically structured to be completely loyal and 100% dedicated to the job. At last! A hard-working, intelligent Friday who *isn't* after your job or ready to jump to the competition.

And this assistant will never complain about making that pot of hot Kono!

Memory up to 3 million megabytes.

Hear your associates' messages in their own voices.



Manual data entry up to 1000 characters per minute.

Intergalactic range to telepathic ProbeLinks™

Why Is The ProbeCB sxf350 and sxm350 Your Best ProbeCB Value?

- More memory. Up to 3 million megabytes.
- Absolutely secure. No corporate intrigue, no data spillage!
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See for yourself why today's ProbeCB
is *your* new best friend.